

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 38 – Number 10

February 2021

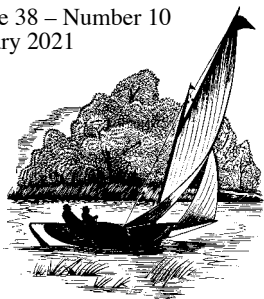
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 Pete Hornbeck is Gone – The First Sail of the Season  
 Greetings from Dennis Bradley – A Roving "Gypsy"  
 Three Encounters with Skin-on-Frame Boats – Building a Malibu Outrigger  
 Chuckanut 12 Sailing Rig – An Intriguing Canoe Design  
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 At Sea – Meandering the Texas Coast – USCG in Action  
 John Gardner TSCA News Notes – Norumbega Chapter WCHA  
 Mainsheet – Over the Horizon – Frame Up – The Building of Hege  
 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design – From the Lee Rail – Classified Marketplace – Shiver Me Timbers



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

As we head into 2021 facing the uncertainty that lies ahead, I want to say “thank you” to the many of you who have expressed concern, along with good wishes, for our little magazine with your renewals and correspondence. Given the over the top scare-mongering about the covid pandemic the media engulfs us in daily, it is not surprising that you might wonder about the welfare of two elderly (at risk?) people and their tiny publication. I haven’t often burdened you with details on how we operate at this mom and pop level but I decided to do so now to relieve your concerns about our future.

About our health... just being elderly does not necessarily mean we are “at risk” for we are healthy and not afflicted with any underlying conditions that render our auto immune systems unable to do their duty. We are never sick and never have felt the need to avail ourselves of annual flu shots. Our entire extended family (four generations now) is free of the covid.

Our public exposure involves regular visits to bank, post office, library, grocery stores and hardware and building supply stores. We do the mask and social distancing thing when in those public places which so require. We do not indulge in large group activities of any sort, all our social contacts are with family and a few close friends who are unaffected by the covid. Our town of 5,284 has had only 141 positive cases (as of January 1), many amongst seasonal students at the local Gordon College with whom we have no contact whatever. So, not to worry, our daily lives remain nearly pre covid normal.

Now, about *Messing About in Boats*... we work from home (since 1959) with no employees. Our daughter does our prepress electronic preparation and circulation management remotely from her home in New

Hampshire. Our printer/mailer is a small shop in rural New Hampshire which has succeeded in staying in business despite the disastrous lockdown impact on many of their regular clients.

Delivery of your magazine by the Postal Service is a disaster, with many employees on furlough to avoid infection and the ongoing backlog created by the temporary cutback in overtime “for budget reasons” late last fall still existing. On December 23 I mailed a First Class small parcel to my daughter in nearby New Hampshire, it has yet to get to her as of January 3 as I write, stuck in a regional distribution center’s undelivered backlog. “Normal” Third Class bulk delivery of your magazine (mailed on or about the 20th of the month preceding the cover date) takes 10 to 30 days, it’s worse now in many places. So be patient, you’ll get it eventually. Any that fail to reach you by the time you get the following issue we will replace, despite it not being our fault.

The widespread lockdowns and the resultant unemployment and financial distress suffered by many has apparently reached out amongst our readership, for our average monthly renewal rate and new subscriber count have declined and advertiser payments in some cases have been slower than normal. So income is tight and we struggle to meet costs alone, as do many small businesses hoping to hang on with what reserves they might have until the economy picks up (if!). We will carry on into the new year awaiting developments (good or bad) until we can see what direction things are headed and then make any adjustments (if needed) in how we carry on.

With now 38 years of our lives invested in this magazine, we are not about to give it up and we do greatly appreciate your ongoing support through these times.

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## On the Cover...

“Season’s end...” When friend Harvey sent on this December drone shot of a powerboat heading up the Eagle Hill River off Plum Island Sound here on our Massachusetts North Shore, it struck me as not only a quite impressive late season view of a local waterway under a lowering December sky but also as possibly an allegorical statement about the year just past. The bleakness of it, the brash ice lining the still open channel and covering the adjacent marsh, could indeed be interpreted as a visual representation of the pretty bad past year afloat for many. And the video that came with it of the boat’s arrival at its haven of refuge at the Green Point Marina at the far end of that meandering channel found it unable to break through the brash ice blocking the ramp. Perhaps it ultimately did and so we can perhaps hope to break out in the coming year from the gloom and doom that has overtaken our lives in 2020.

### Setting Sail

"I cannot not sail." (E.B. White)

She lies at ease fairly upon her lines nestled in the waters, slight and clean in the still morning air that bears the chill of the new day. Cloaked in fog, she rises from the mist, her head catching the light of the rising sun. She is comely, a form that, even at rest in the glow of the morning light, begs to run with the wind and rise with the flow of the waters. Not yet dressed for the day, she stands bare against the clearing day's light.

I circle once around her slowly, the sound of my oars slapping softly as I inspect and admire her form. She is classic in form with her low bow breasting above the calmness of the sea, her oaken topsides radiant through the morning mist. She dips toward the water as she curves to her fullness and then eases long and low toward her stern, her aft rising in the curve of a woman's calf to form her sloping transom.

She is mine for life, the only one who could ever compete with my wife. When we are together we are extensions of each other, reaching for waters as yet unknown, racing the wind for lands unseen. She is my Spirit, I am her Captain and we are one.

We touch softly as I come aside, gracing each other warmly. She reflects the rising dawn and shudders as I reach out for her. I climb over the thwart and step gingerly up to her after storing my oars in the dinghy's locks. I carry the painter from the bow and lace it about the bronze stern cleat rounding its outstretched arms. She begins to stir, rolling with my weight to whet her appetite with waters about her gleaming starboard and port sides.

Bound and moored, she shifts with the outgoing tide, hungry for the open sea and a fresh breeze to draw her to heel and to lift her bow from the surface of the aqua abyss. A lone gull grasps a spreader above her deck atop the still dewy deck below. The light of the rising sun brightens the gunwales that grace her flanks beneath the rub rail which belts her waist. Golden teak bedecks her topsides, coated with golden varnish that she wears with a warming glow. She lies in restless wait, a mermaid of the sea.

The tiller rests amidships, arched and ready to steer. Her lines lie coiled and waiting. I step to the mast and begin to undress her carefully, first zipping down the sail cover and then unclasping it along its length down the boom, baring her linen white mainsail, folded in pleats and draped along the wooden spar, jeweled as it is with bronze fittings to reef and haul.

I step down the companionway to the cabin below and taste the chill of its still, salt air welcoming me. The touch of teak and the rustle of bagged sails fill out my senses as my eyes adjust to the sun through the ports. I light the stove and make hot coffee over the simple flame. Seated in the galley, I taste and toast the coming day's sail.

## At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



Returning to her deck, I raise the main, threading it briskly up the mast by its halyard to its head, winching it taught against the cloudless dawning sky. She shakes out its wrinkles in the rising zephyr, tossing her hair over her shoulder. I turn to the bow and hank the jib to the forestay, raising it to meet the main at the masthead, sheeting it with lines about the stays that stand the mast.

I gaze down the channel to the horizon, looking for signs of waves out to sea and then reach down to the water to test the flow of the tide against my hand. It will soon turn full and carry us swiftly to open waters, forming its own breeze that will fill the sails. The siren's song is singing and I alone with my boat am here to hear her call.

Drinking the last steaming sip of my coffee, I dance up the rolling deck to the bow's pulpit. The sails stir in the rising breeze. Checking the wind one last time and finding it fair, I free the bowline and drift away from the mooring. We tack through the fading fog and turn softly with the tide toward the sea. She and I eye the distance and are once again one with the wind and the water.

### Not All Who Wander...

"I have never been lost, but I will admit to being confused for several weeks."

(Daniel Boone)

Despite the futile efforts of the purveyors of science, navigation at sea remains a

mystic and sometimes dark art practiced by wizards in the crowded depths of sailing ships upon rolling seas. True navigators may offer lip service to electronic devices that bear acronyms for names, but only to assuage the fears of meager mortals who prefer to put their trust in roving satellites and instruments that refract sound but lack the sense to reflect on what their blurred images sense, all no clearer than from a crystal ball.

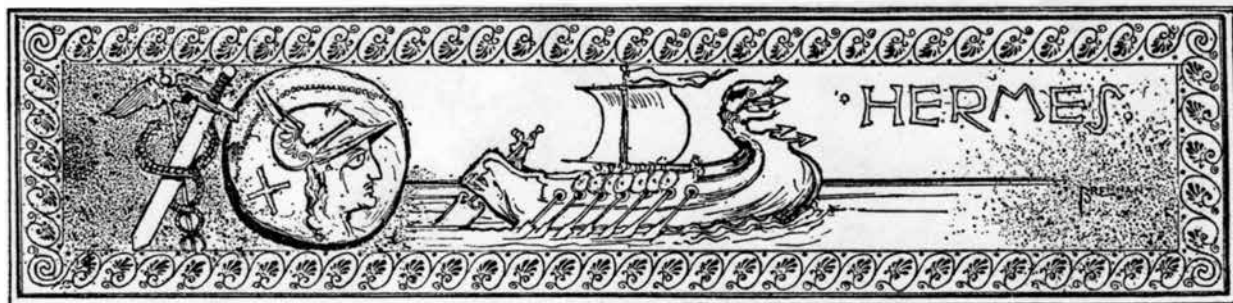
Deep inside, a navigator worth his salt trusts first and perhaps finally in ancient artifacts we once knew as charts, printed on what we then called paper. These cryptic relics depicted lands and the murky depths of the sea upon simple flat surfaces. Through the mysteries of hexadecimal trigonometry, navigators still translate these works to conjure the shape of the sphere we know as Earth.

A navigator's daily ritual relies on a holy instrument he reverently calls a sextant, through which he spies upon the sun, moon and stars, transporting each from the heavens to Earth's horizon where, in exchange for release, they reveal hidden secrets that only the navigator can translate. An incantation ensues in which he calls upon an oracle within a cherished timepiece to reveal the precise moment of daily worship known as local noon. Relying upon mystic powers, he then consults magical forces to account for errors, unknown to the unwary and uninitiated. Descending then to his warren below he refers to dogeared tomes and only then will your navigator reveal your position on his chart and thus this orb we know as Earth.

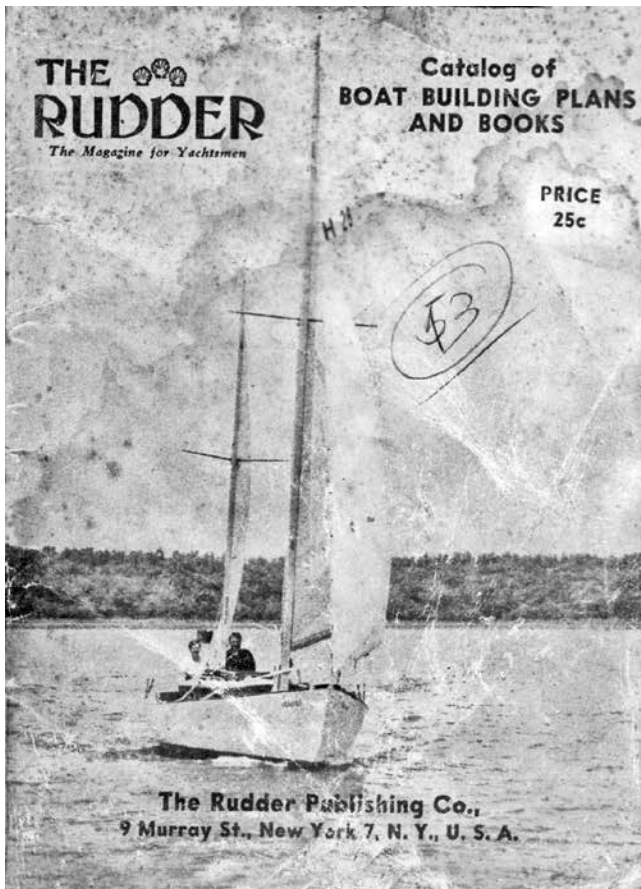
To maintain the aura his work deserves, a navigator is apt to refer vaguely to things called Lines of Position and a process ominously named Dead Reckoning, but such things are part of the sorcery that his guild purveys in order to exclude the uninitiated from the confidences of their trade. After all, even mere magicians know not to reveal the secret of a card trick and, in the hands of a naïve innocent, a navigational error could result in a ship being sawn in half by the jaws of hidden reefs.

Knowing as you do now the occult depths of the navigator's cunning art, I must warn you never to doubt one's prophesy which must be treated as Biblical writings upon the wall inscribed by the hand of God himself, and I speak from near death experience when I offer this warning. More than once in approaching landfall in the darkness of the night, devices dependent on modernity's faux wisdom have offered me inconsistent paths while the muffled voice of the navigator from below wisely said, in words so like a doctor unwilling to make a house call, "Hove to and call me in the morning."

And so, I call on you to treat your navigator with the respect and awe due one fluent in his ancient arts and never, no never, mouth the words, "Are you sure?"



Back in the day...



## INTRODUCTION

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We lost a giant the day after Christmas. The only saving grace about his passing was that he wasn't taken by the covid virus. Like his knees, his heart wore out. He was on a hike with his kids and grandkids on a mountain in the Adirondacks, and then he was gone. Peter Hornbeck was very important to the development of our company (Adirondack Guideboat). Aside from being a source of inspiration and humor, tons of humor, we also put him on our board of directors. No, this wasn't an honorific position, on several occasions we needed a wise voice and Pete's was it.

He had been a school teacher for 20 years, then began building boats in his garage. That was 50 years ago. His wife, Ann, was also a schoolteacher. She finally got tired of the smell of resin in the house and gave Pete her summer check and told him to build a building out back. Last time we were there he'd built four or five outbuildings in which he and his crew built and stored boats. They'd hang the boats from hooks, like cow carcasses hanging from the ceiling. All winter long they'd build an inventory and then as the warm weather arrived, that inventory would shrink and shrink.

## Pete Hornbeck is Gone

By David Rosen



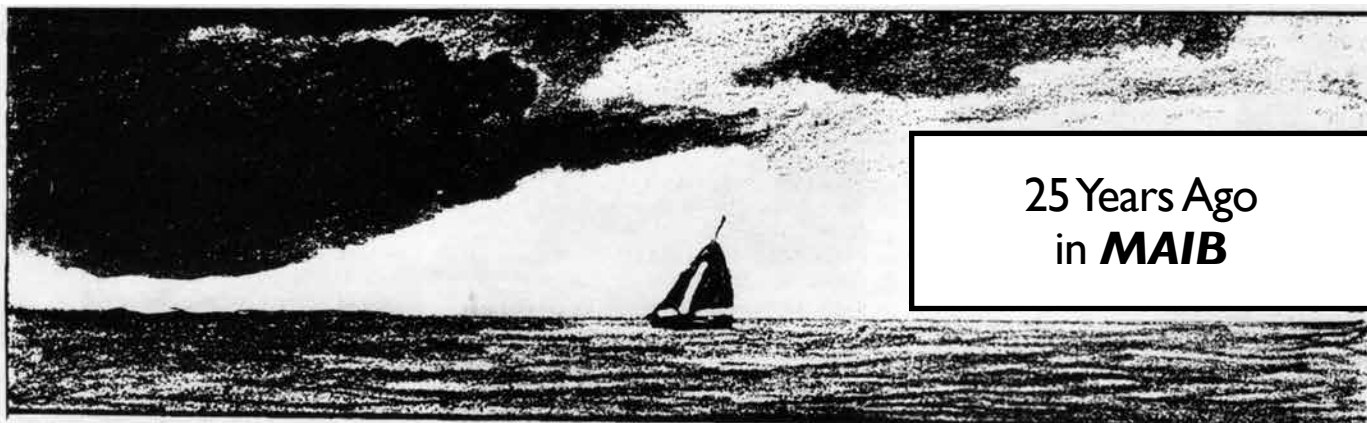
I've never taken a survey but I bet if you did that you would find that Pete was, and is, the most beloved person in the Adirondacks. His distinctive small yellow boats could be seen on top of every fifth car during the summer (or so it seemed). But his personality glowed even brighter.

Every year I bet Pete gave away \$20,000 worth of boats for fundraising events. Due to the ridiculously light weight of his boats (some as low as 12lbs, less than a 12 pack of beer) they were very popular with women. And oldsters. Pete was also a painter, usually of his boats in wilderness settings. I think he gave them all away, likely to non profits needing money.

One of Pete's boats sits in the Adirondack Museum. It is his version of Rushton's Sairy Gamp (named after a Dickens character who was known to "take no water.") The original is so tiny and beautiful, Rushton said to George Washington Sears, the diminutive writer for *Field and Stream* for whom it was made, "If I made it any smaller I'd have to deliver it to you in a soup spoon."

Farewell, Pete, your kind only comes along once.





## 25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

It was the 13th of June, the moon was full and we were headed out for our first sail of the season. We're usually sailing much earlier but Carole and I had just sold a house and bought another and moved. We had also sold our wonderful Cape Dory Typhoon and hadn't had time to get the Stonehorse we'd bought into the water. So we were off for a sail with our good friends Michael and Susan on *Trilogy*, their 43' Mason cutter.

We took care of the usual last minute preparations. The hatches had been bolted down, the last eight carriages of groceries had been loaded, the storm trysail had been hanked on, watches had been set to Greenwich Mean Time, tanks had been topped off, luggage was lashed below the galley table. Every square inch of storage on *Trilogy* was covered with supplies and spares. At about 6pm we cast off from the fuel dock in Newport, Rhode Island bound for Gibraltar.

The trip was delayed and dogged by problems at the outset. One sailmaker had provided most of the sails, including a new main. It was delivered incomplete and was very poorly made. Even after they repaired it, in the opinion of a good sailmaker in Newport, "You will be putting your lives in jeopardy if you use it." It went back to Marblehead. We set off with a 14 year old main.

The raw water pump on the Perkins had failed while we were transiting the Cape Cod Canal, and there were many other small failures and delays.

*Trilogy* was supposed to sail first to Bermuda, but the delays caused this plan to be dropped as the hurricane season was fast approaching. I had taken a new job with the understanding that I'd made a commitment to sail trans-Atlantic, but on the day before we left my employer told me they could not keep my job open for me.

When we departed it was windy with cold rain and gray lumpy seas. Temperatures were in the 50's and the rain and wind drove the chill right into the bones through the wool. The chop added discomfort. Darkness was falling as we headed across the shipping lanes leading to the Cape Cod Canal through an area loaded with commercial and pleasure craft. The currents ran every which way and visibility was very poor.

The second day brought more of the same except that the rain became fog. We were sailing through the infamous Nantucket shoals and across the New York shipping lanes, an area also loaded with fishing vessels. The poor visibility increased the tension. We were cold and wet and tired and kept on punching through the chop. We looked forward to getting offshore and being clear of all this. It was a hard beginning.

## The First Sail of the Season

By Paul Schwartz

On a small boat offshore everyone depends on each other. A significant number of people die trying to cross the Atlantic, estimates seem to average around 3% or so. We were all well aware of the danger involved and committed to contributing our best efforts.

Michael and I seemed completely immune to seasickness so Sue and Carol made up for our inadequacy. The first night Sue came up out of the bullpen and took a few practice throws. After many follow ups she sat fixedly in the cockpit, a world class hurler.

Carole pitched in with her own near death seasickness experience, it kept her in her bunk for two days, utterly miserable and terrified thinking that this was only the beginning and that there was no turning back, no way out, and that the weather could get much worse.

She was close to despair and when she thought that for her death was sure to be imminent I asked her if there was anything she'd like to apologize for before she went. This seemed to give her some hope. "I hope you die first, you bastard," was her reply.

On the first day the bolt holding the boom to the gooseneck broke. On the second day the mainsail ripped. We were off on our adventure.

Before we left Carole had to get herself some foul weather gear of a dependable sort. She wasn't too thrilled with the green rubber fisherman's stuff that I use. Stealth rain gear is her description. She seemed somewhat attracted by the more fashionable stuff in the consumer marine stores. That stuff is outrageously garish and preposterously expensive. It is also junk that doesn't work.

Our search for foul fashions brought us first to the local consumer marine store. The salesman was very helpful and very friendly. Carole told him that we were planning to sail trans-Atlantic and asked him what he would recommend.

Without hesitation he replied, "The best you can possibly afford." His follow-up was, "Of course, Henri Lloyd is the very best, but expensive." He won my heart right away.

He went on to extol the various features and virtues of this gear. Carole said it seemed expensive and asked about their own brand. He then extolled all the virtues and features of that gear but felt that, although it was excellent, it was not superb like the "Henri".

He spoke of his own experiences with long distance sailing and of how critically important it is to be warm and dry. He and his

wife even bought a vacuum bagging setup just so they'd always have clean and dry clothes, especially clean and dry underwear.

This was hard for me to relate to. I recalled working on draggers and being not only cold and wet but filthy with grease, oil and dead fish remnants, yet seemed to get by okay and have some fun doing it. And in my whole life I'd never yet wanted to vacuum bag anything, until now maybe this salesman.

At the Maine Boatbuilders' Show we passed a booth of an offshore sailing school. The woman there was friendly, helpful, had plenty of experience and nothing to sell. She said she'd tried everything and found that the best gear was "the rubber kind that lobstermen use." So we stopped by Three Lanterns Ship Supply in Gloucester and Carole got a nice suit of orange rubber Grundens. They cost about a sixth as much as the consumer junk.

To enhance my own foul fashions I bought a green waxed cotton Filson jacket. It's made from what is called "shelter cloth" and has a wool vest type liner. This garment is generally worn without a cummerbund and is accepted attire at all detox facilities. It's a wonderful jacket and I was able to start bumming money to pay for it right away. So we became dressed fashionably and adequately enough for the Atlantic.

On the third day the skies cleared and we got wind. Plenty of wind. With a double reefed main and staysail and the wind on the quarter, *Trilogy* flew along. After we dropped the staysail she still made close to 8 knots. *Trilogy* is a fast cruiser and especially so with the wind aft. Of course, a broad reach in this kind of wind and sea sets her rolling, sometimes dangerously so. An accidental jibe could bring down the whole rig. Dipping the boom can be a real problem too. With the sail full and a strong wind and the boat flying along, if the boom is buried it might well collapse.

Forget about it on this kind of trip. Either of these accidents and the game is over. So we rigged a boom vang and led a jackline to the end of the boom and kept rolling along. This kind of sailing requires constant attention and the motion is sort of uncomfortable.

The wind naturally comes and goes and after a few days it went. In gentle air we hung the brand new spinnaker. And when it died completely we powered for a while. Then it reappeared with renewed force, shifting onto the nose. The sky lowered and darkened along with the freshening breeze. We reduced sail to a double reefed main and staysail and *Trilogy* heeled over and beat into the gale.

The motion got stiffer and harder while she moved along as if she were on tracks. She never felt out of control nor in danger no matter how hard it blew nor what the sea was like.



The darkness deepened into the blackest of nights. It was like sailing inside of a black cat. Then the phosphorescence appeared, especially lovely and brilliant that night. The seas ignited as they were parted and tossed asunder by the bows. Great swaths of luminous white cloud were thrown off the sides, shot through with burning sparks and glowing embers. The keel and rudder left a glowing bluish-white wake within the wider trail of phosphorescent foam. Sparks and fireflies lit our passage through the black waters in the black night.

Breaking seas were seen as indistinct phantoms in the murk. The dark weight of the night sky oppressed us. In the thick darkness black squalls hid and roamed. We tried to stay clear of these but were not always successful. It was a spectacular night. Mark Twain said something to the effect that, "The man who picks a cat up by the tail receives more information than the man who doesn't." Some of those black squalls we encountered were highly informative.

That night remains fixed in memory for another reason. As I came up from below to take my watch I saw my wife at the wheel keeping her watch. She held *Trilogy* to her course. Carole's hands, arms and shoulders ached from the hard steering in the gale and from the days and nights that had gone before. The wind and spray and pounding had taken their toll. She had never been to sea before.

Being in control of a boat this size and being responsible for the lives of all of us onboard was a new experience for her. Punching into a nighttime gale in deep water is quite an experience for anyone. It took everything she had to keep going. She was truly terrified yet kept her watches and never complained. On that night she earned forever my deepest respect and admiration.

After 10 days at sea we found ourselves utterly becalmed. We were 1,000 to 1,200 miles out or about halfway to the Azores. The sea was mirror smooth and motionless. We slept late into the morning and had a wonderful breakfast. We washed and hung out the laundry. The water was crystal clear to a great depth and was that electric blue that is impossible to describe. Water temperature was 77 degrees and depth was over two thousand fathoms.

We all went swimming and frolicking around. Carole went skinny dipping and stayed in forever. The one thing that she most wanted to do on this trip was to swim in mid-ocean with nothing between her and infinity. She was radiant.

We fixed the pendulum so the wind vane would work and fixed the compass light. We had a fantastic lunch, sunshowers on deck and played with the birds. The sun was bright and there was not a cloud in the sky. We were rested, well fed, refreshed, having fun, and a third of the way across the Atlantic. It was glorious. It was our anniversary and we knew just how richly blessed we were.

We had a pair of Moluccan cockatoos aboard named Bud and Kookla. They're wonderful creatures, but quite a pain in the ass on an ocean voyage. They had a huge cage fitted into what used to be the pilot berth, the best berth. From there they showered the occupant of the settee berth below with a stream of leftovers. Not only that, but since they didn't get along, there was a separate cage occupying the whole of the galley table all of the time. The resident in that cage kept the occupant of that

berth pretty much pinned down, as well as contributing enfiling fire towards the settee.

Most of the time they were quiet except for an occasional "hello" or cooing sound. But just before night they caused quite a ruckus, their calls incredibly loud approximating the sound of a large bulldozer. On more than one occasion they seemed ideally suited to fly casting for whales. One of their more endearing qualities was that they slept upright on one foot. The only other creature I've known to do this is a city D.P.W. worker. They can also focus each eye independently, looking up and forward with the starboard eye while looking down and aft with the port eye.

Cockatoos are the patron saints of the paranoid set and our sources say that J. Edgar Hoover wishes to reincarnate as one. He even likes the name.

Ocean sailing produces a profound shift in consciousness. The industrial revolution made clocktime the dominant form of reckoning time, as well as fixing the idea that "time is money". It's only for the past 300 or so years that the notion of the day measured by hours on a clock has found much application, except in astronomy or navigation. For eons of human existence before this, time has been experienced in a radically different way. The universe and the heavens kept sublime and perfect time while our experience of time on the earth was dynamic and fluid.

Space was also reckoned on a human scale and the different natures of a straight and level mile and a "country mile" were plain to all.

After spending some time at sea, perhaps a week or so, the artifices of our civilization pertaining to space and time disintegrate, save for navigation. Once again we experience space and time as did our forefathers. We feel the incomprehensible vastness of the ocean. On a clear and quiet night we sense infinity and the majesty of the heavens littered with jewels of light. Night storms bring experience of incredibly dense time and space. Time and space ebb and flow and change like music in wondrous and delightful ways. We know wonder and fear.

This consideration of time reminds me of my favorite existentialist farmer joke. A traveling salesman stopped at the homestead of an existentialist farmer. He was greeted by the farmer's wife, and she suggested he run along as her husband was a very stern man who would brook no nonsense. The salesman insisted on speaking to the farmer so she sent him out back where the farmer stood holding a pig above his head while the pig ate apples from the tree.

The amazed salesman asked, "What are you doing?"

The farmer replied, "I am feeding the pig."

The salesman responded, "But isn't doing so that way a waste of time?"

The outraged farmer bit back, "Time! Time! What is time to a pig?"

After 23 days at sea we raised a tiny brownish eyebrow above the horizon ahead. The Azores.

The brownish eyebrow grew slowly while keeping its profile and bearing. It was in the right place. It was tremendously exciting. When I was absolutely certain that it was not a cloud I called below to say that land was in sight. They didn't care. Nobody bothered to come up. Everybody seemed to have given up on the "we're almost there" dream.

By the time they came up Fayal was ris-

ing clearly from the sea and greens and browns were becoming discernable. The shape of the island came into focus and even fields were becoming distinct. A second island appeared to the right of Fayal, it was Pico.

Now the emotions began to build and flood. It was true, not imagination, we were approaching this tiny dot of land from the incredible vastness of the ocean. It was hard to believe. Susan's navigation was right on! We became joyful and talked and laughed and told jokes and brought up the birds, had some great food and a grand celebration.

Pico rose seven thousand seven hundred and eleven feet and hid its head in the clouds. In the bright sun villages and roads were becoming visible. Now the islands were rising swiftly from the sea and seemed huge. Then the clouds cleared from Pico revealing its majestic volcanic cone.

The setting sun began painting the sky with delicate and subtle colors, deepening into ever more brilliant and glorious colors. We were awestruck. On roads and in villages lights began blinking on, adorning the islands with necklaces of light. As we drew closer the forgotten smell of the land enfolding us. We tied up at the customs dock in Horta at 0045 on July 7th.

The Azores must be one of the most beautiful places on earth. They're volcanic islands located roughly two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic. Rich soil, mild climate and varied terrain produce a rich and varied profusion of plant life. Flowers bloom everywhere. Endless miles of hydrangea form hedgerows. For religious processions, the centers of the streets are literally carpeted with fantastically colored blossoms. Every nook and cranny holds wonderful flowers. Everything, including pineapple and banana, grows here. The vegetables are garden fresh and delicious. Fish are caught at night and served the next day.

The sidewalks are mosaics of small black volcanic stones with patterns and pictures done in small white stones. Villages are clusters of small stuccoed houses with red clay tile roofs. Agriculture and fishing sustain the economy. Horses and donkeys are in common use. The people have roots in many places: Arabs, Black Africans, Portuguese, Mediterraneans, Flemish, Irish, French from Brittany. They are a good and gentle people.

Carole couldn't wait to get off the boat as she found that the trip was "the most difficult thing I've ever done in my life." She's achieved many difficult goals. Back on land she at once reverted to being "The Colonel", and we set off for some blitzkrieg style touring. We had a fabulous time walking, driving and swimming all over the place, experiences and places to numerous to detail.

We have very fond memories of the old whaling village of Lajes do Pico, the indescribable beauty of the "Fire Lake", and the unexpected and delightful beauty of a little park next to a salt water pool on Pico. We had a fabulous time lolling about in the iron rich hot water streams and pool at Furnas. For about \$35 a night we had a room in an old manor house on a tea plantation which overlooked fields and the sea beyond. Accommodations were not expensive and always very clean.

Then "The Colonel" ran out of vacation time and flew back to Boston. Mike, Susan and I set sail for Gibraltar a few days later. There were still about a thousand miles to go.

For me, this is a self fulfilling goal, even if I never reach the Master level to charter in the Caribbean, the challenge draws me on. To sail single handed over the horizon I must sharpen skills and modify my boats to meet the challenges of safe open water sailing. And the emphasis is there and really is safely in expanding the bucket list but doing so in a responsible way. Nothing less makes friends and family comfortable cruising.

About a year and a half ago I ticked over from the 70s into the 80s and hurtle toward the start of the ninth decade doing the sailing thing. Sobering! Many old guys my age swallow the anchor, totally giving up sailing. Their boats languish, forlornly abandoned. They sit deteriorating forlorn and forgotten in some back yard weedy corner. They fill up with rotting leaves. The gel coat chalks up and the trailer rusts away in oblivion. Time and circumstance assaults us all. The task of sailing becomes just too much trouble. It can end up taking more energy than our tired old muscles and bones can take.

Why fight it? Well, why not? Mountaineers attack the crags and slopes not because the mountain is there but because an internal challenge drives them up the cliffs. They are measuring themselves against the challenge of the mountain. In my 40s I did a 14,000' peak and one heck of a lot of rappelling with church youth groups and Scouts. I still get feedback of what rising to an overwhelming challenge did in my teens. Rising to meet the challenge answers the why! Not to fight the mountainous seas but to rise to an inner challenge presented by open water cruising. Regardless of age, can we wake up.

This is all in contrast to swallowing the anchor. I am choosing the opposite reaction. It is a choice to neither fight the aging process nor to give in to being an "old man" so I've decided to push the envelope of far horizons and distant shores. Sailing forward with not even a thin sliver of land in sight is the goal. Age stage progression is inevitable, challenging us all sooner or later. What can we do? Prepare, prepare, get ready, adjusting to the aging reality with personal changes and boat changes.

Looking the aging reality eyeball to eyeball, why not pay the price to expand our experience base and sailing goals. Why shrink into oblivion? Future horizons draw us toward excellence in preparation and greater goals. Here's what I'm embracing as an old man's challenge. This is founded on two very solid but old boats, a ComPac16 and 23.

I am responding by first expanding my sailing skills. Fearing only fear is lessened by heavy weather learning and "practiced" experience. Next comes executing boat modifications to a ComPac 16 and a ComPac 23. Third will be establishing specific incremental open water areas in which to do point to point cruising.

The overall goal is to safely sail out of sight of land. Why not prepare both this old guy and his old boats to stand up to all kinds of conditions? The bucket list could include coastal cruising the Great Lakes, the Chesapeake and perhaps the Florida Keys. The Dry Tortugas, almost 70 miles out from Key West, may be calling, why not answer their call? Could the far horizons include the Abacos in the Bahamas? With trailer sailers, far flung ports can be considered as viable cruising grounds but only if the boat and this captain have completed the changes I'm going to outline.

## Old Man's Boating

By Larry Bracken

Nauticed.org has courses and certification for several levels of sailing expertise. To obtain a Small Boat Skipper certification there are six courses and 50 days on the water experience required. Plus, skill levels are verified by their official instructors. Even though I have 25 years on the ComPac23, I'm finding things I didn't know. The in depth course work and on the water experience to get the ticket sure is an old guy's challenge. Boat preparation is also no less of a challenge to rise to handling high wind and waves.

So, to make the bucket list happen, boat changes and personal changes must be pursued. Even new boats, fresh from the showroom floor, are not tricked out for this kind of enlarged vision of sailing out of sight of land. So with any boat, new or old, what is actually needed to break the barriers that confine sailors to limited venues?

Does old age present insurmountable barriers? Do the inadequacies of old boats cause insurmountable barriers to point-to-point, open water sailing? Only if left unresolved.

The answers lie in facing stark reality. The mirror image of white hair and prune like wrinkles makes the year's accumulations daunting. The wrinkles do pile up. One's stamina is compromised. What are the solutions? But regardless of age, fear of the unknown cripples us all. Compensations are a real and necessary. Reality orientation, yes, it is foundational to safely pressing the edge of our boat's capabilities and our own as well! Ignoring aches and pains also factors in.

I'm posing the question, can an old guy or gal cruise extensively on open water with ease and safety in a trailer sailer? What would it take for your boat and mine to carry us out there in comfort and security? Perhaps you would like to come along as I outline and make the changes that could make it all take place for you and your boat, too. What is our boat's potential? A recent *MAIB* article had a quip, Potter 15s doing blue water sailing. Yes! Crossing the Atlantic isn't in the cards for us, right?

But there is a certain mentality necessary to rise to the challenge of the emptiness of open water. For example, striking out from Chicago to the Michigan shore, the sky scrapers eventually drop below the western horizon. The same empty feeling attends as one crosses the Gulf Stream toward Bimini. What does it take to initiate that kind of cruising?

Late in life Reese Pauley did a circumnavigation. In his book, *There Be No Dragons*, the title set forth the idea for the book. Cartographers of the old charts filled the empty spaces of the unknown and feared Atlantic with drawings of imaginative and fearsome sea monsters. The vast unknown ocean dominated the sailor's fears. For the fully prepared captain and boat, "There Be No Dragons." That means both the boat and the sailor must be truly ready to face all conditions that will arise sooner or later. These boat changes are not brand specific. These suggested changes can apply to all small boats. Although the two test boats are a ComPac16 and a ComPac 23, the principles are universal and boat size may be incidental.

The most life changing addition is internal flotation to make a boat its own life raft. What confidence would it give you if you

knew your boat could not sink out from under you. This is no willy nilly pipe dream! Boat modifications and equipment acquisitions can make it happen in real time. Sailing skill upgrades for old sailors can lay the groundwork for safely expanding the horizons. The age related barriers are not unique to old guys or gals. At any age the same challenges rise before us. These articles suggest anyone of any age can change and grow, expanding both the venues and the sailing conditions.

The boat changes to be able to handle the rough stuff are less dependent on boat size or length and are more linked to upgraded equipment to meet those tough conditions. The personal skill upgrades are irrespective of age. So why not explore with me what it would take to expand sailing for you? An "old man's boat" is for really any guy's or any gal's well prepared skills and irrespective of years on this round and wet orb.

Rather than shrinking your horizons, what if you were to re-enliven an expanded bucket list? Regardless of age or stage in life we grow stale. Could upping your skills and modifying your boat to take on rough conditions safely expand your confidence and enlarge your vision? Why not add new life to your sailing pleasure? Many of us have protected water, trailer sailers. Can a small boat like a ComPac 16 take the rough stuff? With helming skill and secure boat provisions, the answer is yes.

Your old boat may be capable of more than you have ever asked of it. The upgrades I am making to my old boats could also give your boat new life and also a new level of confidence and safety. Internal inflatable pods can make your itty bitty boat its own security blanket. At the first sign of difficulty, inserting a cigarette plug fitting starts the inflation process. In a few minutes, pods arise to life raft volume inside the boat. Truck inner tubes held in place by webbing nets of 2" nylon straps make the boat unsinkable. This is one of the four suggestions that follow. Sailing on the edge has a solid base in realistic boat additions that drastically change a small boat to safely stand up to open water challenges of Mother Nature.

### The Four Things Needed

I'm convinced there are four things any boat must have to become a safe "old man's boat." These will make it a secure waterborne capsule. First, internal flotation is the basis of all the rest of the other additions that will follow. These internal inflatable pods engender the confidence needed to venture into the open and unknown featureless vastness of out of sight of land cruising. Anything less increases the risk beyond what should be attempted.

Second, for simple fatigue abatement, our boats must inherently sail straight and true with a well balanced helm and sail plan. An "old man's boat" must steer effortlessly, almost steering itself for fatigue free, long hours at the helm.

Third, when wind builds or a sudden storm threatens, all openings must be totally sealed so the boat can become its own self rescuing lifeboat.

And fourth, it must be set up to maximize the ability of the occupants to stay on board even in really rough conditions. This includes the captain or crew being able to safely go forward to sort out problems that arise, even with a boisterous ride and boarding seas. For the same reason the cockpit must empty in a heartbeat to avoid being swamped by repeated



boarding seas. This requires the addition of high volume drains. Not only that but the volume of the family sized cockpit must be reduced to avoid boarding wave squat of the stern. Inflatable cockpit pods do this. Small cockpits predominate in British boats.

As currently configured, can your boat meet these criteria? If you were to initiate the changes I'm suggesting you could trust your boat to take it on the chin. With developing heavy weather skills, knowledge and "practiced" experience you could confidently watch the shoreline recede as you head for open water. With confidence the land line would disappear, giving way to open sea and sky. The "Seven League Boots of the Sea" could link seven mile horizons toward distant shores, thereby finding new anchorages, hidden coves and totally new sailing experiences.

Learning to sew up drogue equipment and learning how your boat hoves to, you could trust your newfound skills to meet the challenges of your expanded horizons away from land's security. Let's do it together! Practicing these safety measures could totally change your sailing outlook. This isn't just learning the techniques but doing them until they are second nature.

Well, the answers to all the above challenges depends. If your boat won't sail a straight course even in moderately rough conditions, I have some suggestions. Can it do all this with little tweaking of the helm? What if boarding seas were threatening to fill the cockpit? Will the boat self rescue if holed or swamped? What about those boarding seas? Most trailer sailers have large cockpits to accommodate family and friends and the smaller versions sit low in the water. Can your cockpit drains handle repeated large volumes of oncoming waves? In consequent submissions I will outline how to install enlarged drains and inflatable flotation for both cockpits and boat interiors.

Also, we must answer this. Will the boat keep old guys and gals onboard when the whitecaps are blowing stinging spray, the deck is heaving like a roller coaster and the oncoming waves are curling water over the tops? Most trailer sailers aren't set up with rails or bulwarks, jack lines, adequate handholds nor anti skid decks. Or what if 7' or 9' rollers are dumping water over their crests and breaking over the foredeck or into the cockpit? Does your boat have fittings for tethers from bow to stern? Are there multiple handholds in correct positions all along the length of the boat?

For example, the placement of the handholds on the CP 23 is positioned so you have to bend double to access them going forward. Why not add extra handholds much higher on the cabin roof? This allows crouching over comfortably facing the centerline of the boat. Also boats that have jack lines (most of our trailer sailers don't) pass them down the side decks. This is a formula for drowning disaster. They are just right to be wrong. If you are on a long tether and go over you will be dragged alongside the hull, getting a fatal snootful of the wet stuff. Almost every year, the boats that cross the Atlantic from the Canaries have some crew member dragged to death alongside the boat. This happens so quickly the helmsman can't rescue them. What if the jack lines were anchored on the centerline of the boat? It takes more unclipping and reclipping but is more secure.

Even though molded in deck anti skid rough areas give better traction normally, in

reality in flying spray conditions they are still slippery. Dri-Dek advertises in *Boat US* magazine a plastic-like vinyl matrix deck covering that is super. Nubby and a 1/2" thick, it is a weblike matrix that immediately drains away water. Its surface is the ultimate anti skid protection. It does require wearing kneepads as it really is rough.

This is what I mean by setting up a boat so old guys or gals can stay onboard in a blow. I scratch my head in disbelief at the riggers' and boat designers' lack of real world experience. Where are their heads? Are they really thinking things through? Not only making provisions for compromised balance due to aging, but on a heaving, wet deck anyone's balance is compromised. Rethinking the whole "balance thing" is needed.

The changes I'll be initiating to my boats might also make your boat not only easier to manage but also make it a far safer platform. This can give a trust level to accept the challenges of the distant horizons. Beyond boat changes, what about personal skills?

After more than 25 years on the water, expanding my experience and upgrading my sailing skills could pave the way to sailing toward my 100th birthday. How's that for optimism? Sailing "toward 100" may be a life giving goal that reinvigorates the dream. Why not? Smaller boats than ours have crossed oceans. Potter 15s have done it. The British open boats like the 16' Wayfarer have crossed the North Sea. This is an open boat. In a closed boat with a cabin and internal flotation we can surely face open water.

For new skill acquisition, Nauticed.org offers sailing courses. Worldwide about 500 sailing schools offer courses. The difference is, Nauticed courses not only increase your technical knowledge but also require actual verified, supervised skill acquisition. Extensive on the water experience is confirmed by an official instructor. Their certification really does reflect your valid skill acquisition on the water world.

I'm going for their Small Keel Boat Skipper certification. The books by Grant Headifen have those squiggly squares for instructional mini videos on your smart phone. You can repeat these courses as many times as you like. There are six courses for the Skipper level of certification. Though I have spent several years doing all the things included in the courses, I may have fallen into less than effective practices. Why not polish up my storm skills (and storm equipment)?

Nauticed's instructional approach is like the old Haynes underwear ad. Inspector #9 verifies the BVD's quality or they're not "Haynes." Likewise, you don't get a Nauticed certificate until you have passed both their theoretical sailing courses and their official instructor tests verifying your practical skills in real live sailing situations. As well, they require days, many days, 50 to be exact, on a keelboat as crew or as captain. Add to this they have a smart phone app that is a digital logbook to verify your days in the "practice" of sailing.

If you attain the Masters level, in contrast to other approaches, a charter company can log into your record at Nauticed's site and verify your certificate level and evaluate your sailing history, proving you actually have on the water experience. So this establishes your actual training as well as the technical sailing knowledge to confidently captain a charter boat. This is an advanced, Master level certification. Either of these cer-

tifications are no small goal for an old guy like me so I'm putting myself "out there" in order to develop verified skill acquisition in order to sail onward into my 90s.

The next chapter addresses the effect on steering of the placement of the mast and forestay which balances the helm. These can be adjusted for a boat that nearly sails itself. Stay tuned.



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## Meandering the Texas Coast

### Went for a Sail

By Michael Beebe

Went for a sail today. Took out the O'Day Javelin, at just under 14' it needs no registration numbers. A few years ago I decided to put a small cabin on the boat. Then I removed it and also cut down the cabin sides. Well, the mast was cut as well to step on top of the cabin top. So when I got rid of the cabin I had to put a 4"x4" post as a mast step to make up for what I'd cut off the bottom of that mast. That worked for a while, then I switched to a standing lug rig.

The mast position had to move forward for the lugsail which involved poking a hole in the foredeck to accommodate the new self standing mast for the lug, the mast being an RV awning boom. Worked good then, still works. Actually, a couple of weeks ago I took the Fox out with a lugsail and that RV awning mast. A friend up in Oklahoma City sent me a used lugsail.

For today's sail, in light easterly winds, maybe 12mph, I was back to a sloop rig. This past year I acquired a mast and boom off a Lone Star 16. The mast being within an inch or two of the original Javelin mast I had cut, I was back in business. I still have an old and wornout mainsail for the O'Day but remembered I'd also sent away for a used sail from Minney's in Newport Beach California. The used sail was for my *Red Top*, a Lehman 12', that was first designed as a cat rig, it's now a lug rig. The foot was longer than the Javelin boom so it never got used, not even for the Lehman. Today, though, the light bulb lit up and I was able to put them together.

The Lone Star 16 mast 'n boom, with the standing rigging gotten off the old Javelin, reworked a bit, the sail from the Lehman, and for a jib I pinched one from the Widgeon 12' laying in the yard. The Mylar sail of the Lehman has its insignia on it, LH/12. The inside of the Javelin is still a bit tore up. This is the same Javelin I capsized last year sailing with my niece. The inside is being remodeled and isn't quite done yet. More like far from done. I did, however, get the aft flotation back in the boat though.

All these words just to say I went for a sail today. Ha! If I stay out of the Coast Guard logs for the day, or Sea Tow doesn't get a call, I'll be doing all right. So far, so good. And a buddy asked if I had a boat ready he and his visiting daughter can come for a sail on. Another ha! Watch out for the splinters, bring your own cushions and PFDs. Yeah, I got one ready.

### Himming

A year or so ago my wife got a call from a fellow she had met at the local thrift store. This guy was, and still is, a part time volunteer at the same store, a nice enough gentleman. My wife had told him I sail small boats.

"I've a boat your husband might want to look at." We went and looked. A Chrysler

Pirateer, all 13' of what was left. Just the hull. Story had it was a salvage job, drug home by a later aged dreamer to sit in the backyard, too good for the local landfill. In his eyes anyway.

My understanding of the story is this happened before Harvey came to town in '17. Well, the neighbor, that would be the part time thrift shop worker, got involved, he knows a good deal when he sees them. His yard is near full of good things too good for the local landfill. Him and I have a lot in common.

We went, the wife and I, to take a gander. Oh, good lines, for sure. A nice deep hull. A few rub marks, some gel coat missing. Yep, too good for the landfill just yet. Dreams do die hard. They die hard because they're nurtured so. They've been fed late at night and early in the morning. During storms and shut in days, these dreams brighten up the inside of snug cottages on rainy days.

These dreams can't be tossed away just like that, they just can't. But it wasn't time. The plate back home at the shop was overflowing and then some. It just wasn't time.

A fellow tells me, "You can't have them all!" Deep inside I know that's true, but deep inside is a fair bit of distance from the dreams rolling around in my head.

I walked away from that Chrysler. It's been three years now and the other day the wife and I were back in that neighborhood looking at a chicken coop. Well, a week ago a local scrap metal guy, a friend of a friend, they both stopped by, the scrapper said he'd take the two trailers sitting in my yard, good only for scrap. Well, son of a gun, room! How about that?

"Doesn't Bo live near here?" I ask the wife while viewing the coop.

"Next block over," the wife answers.

Bo is the thrift shop worker. I think you know where this is going. A few days later, visiting the chicken coop, I say, "Let's go visit Bo." Which could have been translated, "Let's go see if that sailboat is still there." It was.

### Himming 2

Well it's been three days since that little Pirateer 13 sailing dinghy waltzed back into my life. I've been by the place now three times. Don't want to appear too eager. The little thing is off in the back of the property sitting upside down on a pile of weeds meant to be burned. Not a good sign, or maybe just in time.

I had decided to once again pass on the dinghy. Told the wife it being in the yard would get in the way of my other projects. She nodded her head in agreement. So late yesterday afternoon I told the wife I'm going over to where the Pirateer resides and tell the good folks I am going to pass on the thing. By the time I get there, maybe ten minutes, passing is gone and the dream is back.

When I got back home Linda was out on the patio covering the outside table with clear plastic. "Honey, I told those people no! I didn't want the boat! They wouldn't accept my offer."

Linda laughed, "They wouldn't accept your 'No' to taking a free boat, eh?"

The internet search has started, kindling gathered and set ablaze under this new adventure. Already I'm borrowing ideas for a main strength bulkhead, taken from an earlier Searunner Trimaran, to support the mast allowing for a comfortable berth. Small sailing boats are only limited by the owner. Many have been taken to places the designer never thought possible. The purists, sitting, sipping coffee with the naysayers, are a dangerous group. Shore lines, anchor lines and dock lines made up of only words have ruined too many adventures.

At 18 I left home, hitchhiking east with a small surfboard, with the blessings of mom 'n dad. Later my mom told me her friend, when she found where I went, declared, "I'd never allow Wayne to do such a thing!" Wayne was the same age as I. Little did I know my parents, I now realize. Such a shame. What they gave their nine children can never be taken away.

Those nay saying purists sitting harborside weaving binding ropes and lines with fearful words just might be asking themselves one day who goes yonder in the 13' boat leaving the harbour.

"That's what's his name! He's gonna die out there!" Bob, sitting at the bench's end, drops his coffee and falls to the ground dead. Heart attack they said.

### Himming 3

Well, I just might be moving on. Two simple phone calls, only one really needed, I think the lines went dead. This is all part and parcel in small boat sailing when the stakes are as low as one could go. The incentive being nil, the expectations will never rise to the occasion. That's probably a good thing, my attention span seems to be shrinking with the advancing years. This free sailing dinghy might just not work out. But then it might, but maybe not as well.

In high school, our buddies would break out the violins, playing the imaginary things while having a good laugh. The good laugh had by all keeps one from getting too serious.

My wandering eyes are starting to regain their focus to what's in the shop and what's setting in front of it. The scrap metal dealer came by today and took both trailers, two trips. I added more to his load. The yard looks nice without those useless trailers taking up space and being eyesores.

Today's cleanup actually started some months ago. I don't move very fast any more, and if ever I thought I did, it was pointed out to be a figment of my imagination. I've got-

ten used to myself over the years, I know my wife has. The dog hasn't quite made up his mind though. But the yard looks better. The gardener might get a bit upset if he hits some of that rusted metal which fell to the ground during today's removal. I hope I get it all picked up.

With the Pirateer possibly out of the picture, my focus can get back to the two boats in the yard that need more attention. The one being an O'Day Javelin, the other its kid brother, the Widgeon 12'. Without any fear or trepidation the Widgeon is to be found in the same state as the Javelin. I seemed to be stepping on toes when explaining my remodel of the Javelin. Drew some ire. Ducked and kept going. Might come a time when the very law might just be on their side. That'll be a sad day in hell.

Well, I just about talked myself out of this hot pursuit of the Chrysler 13. Don't be breaking out those violins just yet boys, set the trumpets to thy mouths and get this party going and don't be crying over spilt milk. Thanks for coming along on this short ride. I've enjoyed myself, I certainly hope you have as well.



*Red Top*, still dripping. My daughter says it's a highly modified Lehman 12. It is. And it was windy today, 18mph gusting to 25-27. Nice sailing for a couple of hours.

#### Chrysler Pirateer

The Chrysler Pirateer is a great boat for a beginner or anyone who knows how to sail or wishes to teach someone else how to sail. It rigs up in about ten minutes and has both a mainsail and a jib. It can accommodate two people.



#### Chrysler Lone Star

The Chrysler Lone Star 16 is a 16' monohull sailboat designed by Charles Wittholz and built by Chrysler Marine starting in 1969.



#### O'Day Javelin

The O'Day Javelin is a 14' dinghy designed by Uffa Fox in 1960 and built by the O'Day company until 1984. The boat is a comfortable daysailer. Over 5,000 were produced in the United States and the older "classic" models are still being built in Japan.



#### Lehman 12

The Lehman 12 is an exceptionally responsive two man planing dinghy that quietly glides through the water with only a whisper of wind. It is a daggerboard boat with a loose fitted cat rig and a deep rudder. The simple, uncomplicated design of the Lehman 12 makes it great for the husband and wife team.



#### Widgeon 12

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### Portsmouth, Virginia

The Coast Guard assisted in the rescue of three mariners after their vessel began to take on water approximately 46 miles southeast of Cape Fear, North Carolina. Watchstanders at the Coast Guard 5th District Command Center received an alert from an unregistered emergency positioning indicating radio beacon approximately 46 miles off the coast of Cape Fear. The 5th District Command Center watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and launched an HC-130 Hercules aircrew and an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew from Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City, North Carolina to search the area of the EPIRB alert.

Once on scene, the Hercules aircrew spotted a vessel that was taking on water and dropped a bilge pump and a life raft to the mariners aboard. The mariners were unable to utilize the bilge pump, which resulted in them abandoning ship and climbing into the life raft. A good Samaritan boat crew who overheard the UMIB was successfully vectored in by the Hercules aircrew and safely transferred all three mariners aboard their vessel.

A 47' motor lifeboat crew from Coast Guard Station Oak Island, North Carolina, also responded and met with the good Samaritan to help escort them back to Station Oak Island. "We are glad that we were able to locate the vessel with the EPIRB alert and help bring these mariners home safely," said Chief Petty Officer Ryan Langley, a command duty officer at the 5th District command center. "However, it is vital to register your EPIRB to your vessel with the proper information in the case of an emergency situation."



### Wilmington, North Carolina

The Coast Guard rescued three stranded mariners from Raccoon Island after their vessel had drifted off the island where they were hunting. Watchstanders at the Coast Guard Sector North Carolina command center received a notification from Sea Tow Crystal Coast regarding three mariners who became stranded on Raccoon Island after their 21' May-Craft drifted away. Sector North Carolina launched a 24' Special Purpose Craft-Shallow Water boat crew from Coast Guard Station Hobucken to the scene. Once on scene, the Station Hobucken boat crew safely transferred the mariners aboard and transported them to the Cedar Island National Wildlife Refuge Boat Ramp in Cedar Island, North Carolina. The vessel was salvaged by Sea Tow Crystal Coast crews.



## Our Coast Guard in Action

### Boston, Massachusetts

The Coast Guard rescued three mariners from a disabled 108' barge off Point Judith, Rhode Island. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Southeastern New England in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, received a call via VHF Channel 16 from the tug *Warhawk* reporting their vessel was taking on water and had a barge in tow. A Coast Guard Station Point Judith 45' Response Boat-Medium crew immediately launched to assist and, when they arrived on scene, the tug was completely submerged and all three *Warhawk* crewmembers were on the barge. The RB-M crew rescued them and safely transported them back to the station. The weather on scene was 5mph winds and seas 3'-5'.

A Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod, Massachusetts, MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew, and the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Coho* (WPB-87321), an 87' patrol boat homeported in New London, Connecticut, also launched to assist. The Coast Guard is working with the *Warhawk's* owner to salvage the tug and barge.



### Boston, Massachusetts

The Coast Guard suspended an active search for four missing fishermen off the coast of Massachusetts. Watchstanders from the Coast Guard First District Command Center in Boston received an Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) notification from the 82' commercial fishing vessel *Emmy Rose* approximately 20 nautical miles off Provincetown. The vessel owner reported there were four people aboard and there were no answers on the vessel's satellite phone. Coast Guard crews recovered the *Emmy Rose's* EPIRB and life raft with no sign of the fishermen or vessel. The weather on scene was reported 30 knot winds with 6'-8' seas. The *Emmy Rose*, homeported in Portland, Maine, was enroute to Gloucester, Massachusetts.

"The decision to suspend a search is never an easy one. Our crews conducted searches continuously for over 38 hours covering an area of approximately 2,066 square miles," said Capt Wesley Hester, Search and Rescue mission coordination, Coast Guard's First District. "We extend our condolences to the friends and loved ones of these fishermen during this trying time."

Involved in the search were the Coast Guard Cutter *Vigorous* (WMEC-627) crew, a 210' Medium Endurance Cutter, homeported in Virginia Beach, Virginia; the Coast Guard Cutter *Key Largo* (WPB 1324) crew, a 110' patrol boat, homeported in Gloucester, Massachusetts; Air Station Cape Cod, Massachusetts, MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter and HC-144 Ocean Sentry fixed wing aircrews; Coast Guard Station Provincetown, Massachusetts, 47' Motor Life Boat crew.

### Boston, Massachusetts

The crews of Coast Guard Cutter *Sitkinak*, a 110' Island Class Patrol Boat homeported in Portland, Maine, and Coast Guard Station Gloucester, Massachusetts, towed a disabled fishing vessel 65 nautical miles off of Kennebunk, Maine. Coast Guard Sector Northern New England watchstanders received a call from the owner of the 77' fishing vessel *Sea Farmer II* reporting the ship was disabled and crew was requesting assistance. *Sitkinak's* crew arrived on scene and towed them 60 nautical miles over the course of 19 hours to rendezvous with a sister ship of the fishing vessel, and attempt repairs. A Coast Guard Station Gloucester 47' Motor Life Boat crew then escorted the fishing vessel safely into Gloucester Harbor. Weather on scene was 2'-3' seas and 10-15 knots of wind.





### **Boston, Massachusetts**

The Coast Guard medevaced an injured fisherman 160 miles east of Boston. Coast Guard District One watchstanders received a notification from the crew of the 72' commercial fishing vessel *Jennifer Anne* reporting a 35-year-old crewmember had fallen overboard and was recovered by the other crewmembers. The fisherman was experiencing hypothermia like conditions and had minor lacerations. A Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod, Massachusetts MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter and an HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircraft crew launched and the helicopter crew safely hoisted the fisherman.

He was transported to Massachusetts General Hospital for care. Weather on scene was 15-knot winds and 3'-5' seas.

### **Portsmouth, Virginia**

The Coast Guard assisted in the rescue of three boaters from their sailing vessel approximately 140 miles northeast of Bermuda. Watchstanders at the Coast Guard's 5th District Command Center received notification from the Bermuda Rescue Coordination Center that a personal locator beacon was activated, watchstanders then determined the location of the three boaters in distress aboard the *Esmeralda*. The captain of the sailing vessel informed the Bermuda Rescue Coordination Center that he had activated his emergency position indicating radio beacon after his concern about staying aboard due to adverse weather and high seas.

District Five watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City C-130J Hercules aircrew and activated the AMVER System to alert vessels in the area to the emergent situation and request assistance from them. The vehicle carrier vessel *Paganella* answered the call and diverted to the disabled sailing vessel and was able to safely recover and transfer the three mariners onboard.

### **Wilmington, North Carolina**

The Coast Guard suspended the search for two persons in the water after an overturned recreational vessel was discovered near Beaufort Inlet. Those aboard remain missing. They were last seen departing from Atlantic Beach for a fishing trip aboard the 35' recreational boat *Strike Zone*.

The Coast Guard, along with local agencies, began searching for the mariners after watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina Command Center received a report from a transiting fishing vessel that the 35' recreational boat was found overturned approximately four nautical miles outside of Beaufort Inlet. We saturated the vast search area.

Coast Guard crews searched approximately 8,600 square miles over a period of 58 hours with multiple assets but, unfortunately, were unable to locate the two missing men. Resources used in the search efforts: Coast Guard Station Fort Macon 47' Motor Life Boat; Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter; Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City C-130 Hercules aircraft; Coast Guard Cutter *Seahawk*; Coast Guard Cutter *Nathan Bruckenthal*; Atlantic Beach Fire Department small boat; Morehead City Fire Department small boat; Beaufort Fire Department small boat; National Park Service; Carteret County Sheriff's Department. TowBoat US recovered the overturned vessel and the Coast Guard is investigating the incident.

### **Jacksonville, Florida**

Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville received a report of a missing man from a member at Cape Marina stating he typically did not stay out overnight on his boat. He departed Cape Marina in Port Canaveral on November 27 and did not return. Watchstanders dispatched a C-130 Hercules aircrew from Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater to respond and directed Coast Guard Station Port Canaveral watchstanders to issue preliminary and extended communications in an effort to locate the missing man. A US Customs and Border Patrol air marine asset also assisted in the search.

The 7th District Coast Guard command center watchstanders issued an Enhanced Group Calling to mariners located in the vicinity of the search area to keep a lookout for the vessel and report any findings to the Coast Guard. The 225' motor vessel *Angeles* located the man alive on the hull of his 32' Sea Ray and took him aboard approximately 86 miles east of Port Canaveral.

"Saving lives at sea is our highest calling. This is a truly incredible outcome that demonstrates the bond among all mariners and our community," said Capt Mark Vlaun, commanding officer of Sector Jacksonville. "Thank you to our mission partners that launch into action and to all who got the word out to achieve this rescue."

### **Miami, Florida**

The Coast Guard rescued two men after their vessel capsized near Lake Worth Inlet. Coast Guard Sector Miami watchstanders received a notification of an 18' vessel with two people aboard taking on water who launched three red flares one mile east of Lake Worth Inlet. A Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet 45' response boat-medium crew located the vessel capsized and brought the two men back to Blue Heron Marina.

"Having working safety equipment and effective means of communication aided the rescue personnel to respond quicker and save lives," said Petty Officer 2nd Class William Griffin, coxswain at Station Lake Worth Inlet. "Flares are an excellent tool to use especially in the evening to help alert nearby vessels and rescue assets of your location. We remind mariners to check the weather before going out, tell someone where you are going and when you'll be back, wear a life jacket, ensure your safety gear is up to date and have a registered emergency position indicator radio beacon onboard."



### **Jacksonville, Florida**

The Coast Guard suspended the search for a man who went missing after falling overboard near Blount Island. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville received notification from the Tugboat *Pop* that a 42-year-old man fell into the water while

transiting from the vessel to a barge and did not resurface.

"The loss of a fellow professional mariner is especially difficult and our sincerest condolences go out to his family, friends and coworkers," said Capt Mark Vlaun, commanding officer of Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville. Thank you to the Jacksonville Sheriff's Office (JSO), Jacksonville Fire and Rescue Department (JFRD) and Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission (FWC) for their rapid response and partnership throughout this challenging search."

Coast Guard assets involved in the search: MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew from Air Station Savannah; a 29' Response Boat-Small crew from Station Mayport.

### **Jacksonville, Florida**

The Coast Guard rescued two men from a vessel taking on water on the St John's River near Fort Caroline. Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville watchstanders received notification from a commercial salvage company relaying a call from a man stating his vessel was taking on water. Watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and directed the launch of Station Mayport RB-S crew which arrived on scene and removed the two men from the vessel taking on water. The RB-S crew tied the 18' vessel to a barge to keep it afloat while dewatering the vessel. A commercial towing company arrived shortly after and towed the vessel to Sister's Creek Boat Ramp.

"Situations like this really stress the importance of having a VHF marine radio on board," said Petty Officer First Class Molly Edwards Sector Jacksonville operations unit controller. "Phones are often used as primary means of communication, but when the battery dies or coverage fails, so does your lifeline to those who are trying to help you."

### **Charleston, South Carolina**

Coast Guard crews rescued two people after their 40' vessel capsized outside of the North Charleston Jetties. Coast Guard Station Charleston watchstanders received the call from one of the men on the boat at stating their vessel was taking on water and needed assistance. A Coast Guard Station Charleston 45' Response Boat-Medium crew arrived on scene and embarked the two men off the vessel as it was submerging. They were transferred to Station Charleston where a family member awaited their arrival.

"This case demonstrates the importance of boater education and having life jackets readily available at a moment's notice or even worn while boating," said Petty Officer First Class Jason Rieling, Station Charleston officer on duty. "The men had the life jackets stowed and due to the rapid rise in water in the cabin couldn't get them on."



### **St Petersburg, Florida**

The Coast Guard rescued four mariners from an overturned vessel under the Sunshine Skyway Bridge in Tampa Bay. Coast Guard

Sector St Petersburg watchstanders received a report of two red flares from a Tampa Bay Pilot boat south of the bridge. Five minutes later the Sector received notification from Manatee County of a 911 call reporting a vessel taking on water in the vicinity of the bridge.

A Coast Guard Station St Petersburg 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew arrived after a Hillsborough County Sheriff helicopter had located the four individuals clinging to the overturned hull and transported the mariners to awaiting emergency services personnel at Harborage Marina.

"It started off as a flare sighting, then a 911 call, which diverted a Hillsborough County helicopter who spotted the mariners so we could pick them up," said Coast Guard Chief Petty Officer Alex Dominicci, the Sector's command duty officer. "It was a great multi agency response and was well executed."

#### New Orleans, Louisiana

Coast Guard rescued two people Tuesday from an aground vessel near Lafitte, Louisiana. Coast Guard Sector New Orleans watchstanders received a report of a 16'-18' dark colored flat bottom vessel boat aground in the Lafitte area with two 60-year-old males aboard. The watchstander directed the launch rescue crews from Coast Guard Station New Orleans and Air Station New Orleans to assist the two men. The Air Station New Orleans MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew arrived on scene and hoisted the two adults. They were transported back to the air station.

#### Cleveland, Ohio

Coast Guard units throughout the Great Lakes reported their busiest Independence Day weekend in at least five years, conducting more than 100 search and rescue cases and saving or assisting more than 300 people throughout the region. Despite those successes, at least two lives were also lost on the lakes during that time period, which stretched from July 3-5.

Cases ranged from boat collisions to capsizings and sinkings. The incidents also included two swimmers who were found clinging to the breakwater at the Coast Guard's small boat station in Port Huron, Michigan. Both were assisted from the water by the Coast Guard crewman who spotted them.

Karl Willis, a search and rescue specialist at the Coast Guard's Ninth District Headquarters in Cleveland, said that over

the weekend Coast Guard crews in the Great Lakes saved 45 lives, assisted 271 additional persons and conducted at least two search and rescue cases with our Canadian partners. Anecdotally, he added, the Coast Guard is approximately 200 search and rescue cases ahead of last year's pace and about 60 cases over the five year average.

#### Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan

The US Coast Guard rescued ten people from the water in Grand Traverse Bay, Traverse City, Michigan. Sector Sault Sainte Marie Command Center received a distress radio call from a 30' vessel that was taking on water. The Coast Guard launched a 45' response boat-medium crew and diverted an Air Station Traverse City MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew to the scene. The crew got on scene within 20 minutes and deployed their rescue swimmer to transfer everyone to a Good Samaritan vessel that had arrived to assist.

While they were conducting the transfer the boat began to sink rapidly, forcing everyone into the water. The rescue swimmer was able to rescue ten people with the help of the Good Samaritan who transported them to shore. The vessel completely sank in about 250' of water.



#### Alameda, California

The Coast Guard rescued seven people after two fishing vessels sank due to a storm approximately 65 miles offshore from Costa Rica. Maritime Rescue Coordination Centre Costa Rica notified the 11th Coast Guard District command center watchstanders of a 35' fishing boat, the *Rio Bravo III*, taking on water with four people aboard. Due to inclement weather and distance offshore, Costa Rica requested assistance to rescue the people aboard.

Watchstanders identified the Coast Guard cutter *James*, a 418' National Security Cutter homeported in Charleston, South Carolina, as the nearest asset, which was approximately 160 miles away from the *Rio Bravo III*'s reported location. *James*' crew navigated the 160 miles through 25 knot winds, 10' seas and low visibility to arrive in the vicinity and located all four people on the stern of the mostly submerged boat.

The *James* crew transferred all four people from the vessel to the Coast Guard cutter. After rescuing the four individuals from the *Rio Bravo III*, Maritime Rescue Coordination

Centre Panama reported a second capsized 26' fishing boat with three people aboard located 35 miles away. The *James* crew diverted to the location and located and rescued three additional survivors.

"Due to the impressive capability of the national security cutter and expertise of the crew, *James* stood ready to respond, even in the most adverse conditions," said Capt Todd Vance, *James*' commanding officer. "Persistent squalls, reduced visibility and choppy seas complicated the task of locating mariners adrift or clinging to the remnants of their sinking vessel. *James*' crew demonstrated proficiency, versatility and determination in rescuing our fellow mariners despite adverse conditions on scene."

"The rescue of the Costa Rican fishermen is an example of international SAR coordination at its finest and demonstrates the importance of building strong relationships with our international SAR partners," said Douglas Samp, an 11th Coast Guard District search and rescue mission coordinator.



#### Seattle, Washington

The Coast Guard has suspended its search for a Tulalip Tribal Police Department Officer missing in the waters near Naval Station Everett on the Snohomish River, one of the two crew members who went missing after their vessel capsized in rough waters.

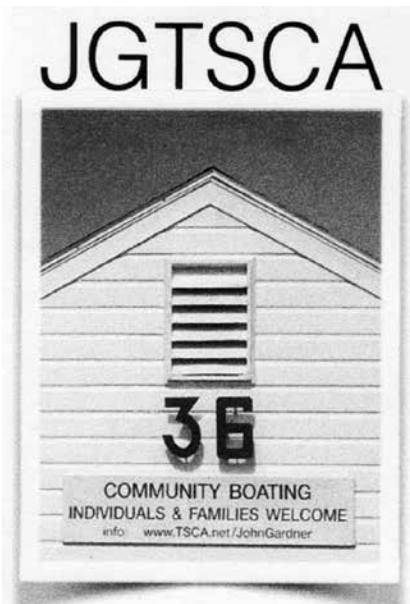
Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Puget Sound received notification that a two man crew had capsized their 26' work skiff as the vessel was heading out of the jetty and they reported the seas were rough and that they were taking water over the bow. One survivor was recovered near Hat Island by a civilian vessel participating in the search. The survivor reported that he last saw his partner 30 minutes prior to being recovered. Navy Whidbey Island Search and Rescue located the capsized vessel submerged approximately 2' below the water line.

Multiple federal, state, local and tribal crews searched for more than 22 hours. Crews involved in the search included Coast Guard Station Seattle; Coast Guard Air Station Port Angeles; Coast Guard Cutter *Sea Lion*; Tulalip Tribal Police Department; Navy Whidbey Island Search and Rescue; Naval Station Everett Security Teams; Everett Fire Department Marine Units; Everett Police Dive Units; Snohomish County Sheriffs Department Marine Units; Washington State Ferry Service; and approximately 40 good Samaritan vessels from the Tulalip Tribal Fishing Fleet.

"The Coast Guard and our Navy, state, local and tribal partners saturated the waters of the Snohomish River to locate the missing police officer but unfortunately we were not able to find him after an extensive search," said Lt Zachary Kearney, the Sector Puget Sound command duty officer. "The decision to suspend a search is one of the most difficult decisions the Coast Guard has to make. We search as if one of our own is missing. Our hearts go out to the family and friends of the missing Tulalip Tribal officer."



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## Sid Whelan's ADK Guideboat Completed

My 91st birthday present for me and my family is a new 16' Adirondack guideboat, built by Rob Davidson of Lake Clear and delivered to us in Danby, Vermont. I asked Rob for a boat with plenty of space for kids and summer activities on the lakes and in the woods of the Northeast, so she has a 40" beam. Rob also added 1" of freeboard to the Caleb Chase design he chose. Chase was based in Newcomb, New York, and he is credited with probably being the first of the 19th century builders to transition from the wineglass square stern to double ends.

Rob's wife, Allison Warner, is also a very gifted boat builder who for years has built guideboats as the "Boat Builder in Residence" at the Adirondack Museum. In the photo Allison is adjusting the center seat and Rob, wearing a plaid shirt, stands by. We lack waterfront property so we'll head for water by trailering the guideboat.

The weather turned tricky on delivery weekend and remained so on Monday so we weren't able to try her out as we had hoped to as we had to get back to Old Lyme. Can't wait to row in her next spring. "The Lord willing and the crick don't rise."



# John Gardner TSCA News Notes

## The Latest from Around Our Chapter

Edited by Bill Rutherford

We offer these issues of our informal "News Notes" as a way of keeping in touch during these times of covid restrictions. On an afternoon late last November the sun came out, the breeze was light and the waters blue but we pulled the last boat (the outboard) anyway. By the time we had the trailer parked and all the stuff put away the sun was gone, the temperature dropped and the skies turned gray. The following day I was huddled indoors with my computer and a small heater at my feet, ready to write up this issue and glad the boats were all safely put away for the winter.

## Veteran's Day Row

Phil Behney organized a Veteran's Day Row from our dory storage area at Mystic Shipyard East down around the point and up the Mystic River to the Seaport. His report, "The Vet row was good, Bill Armitage met us at Cottrell Park in downtown Mystic and provided moral support and snapped some photos. We headed out with three club dories from Mystic Shipyard East with John Cumberlander, his son Jaden, Ron Reinhart, myself and Brian Cooper in his own boat. We made some changes in rowing positions along the way and were in fine form by the end of the trip. We made it as far as Mystic Seaport, headed back and were done by noon."

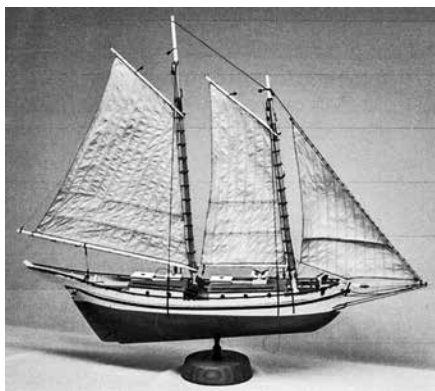
Brian Cooper also shared a report, "It was a great row. Weather was warm and no rain. It did get a little breezy so we turned around at the Seaport and did not go further up the river." Brian also sent a short video, including shots from a GoPro camera mounted at the end of a sculling oar that extended out past the transom of his Whitehall. These sculling oar shots are great, especially going under the bridges. Brian advises, "I posted the video on the JGTSCA Facebook page and also the ConnYak BB." Here is the link, <https://youtu.be/qRGudZQXWOI>.

Brian made a short detour to say hello to a paddling group of Sea Kayaking ConnYak friends who, it turned out, were on an impromptu paddle to Fishers Island with *The Day* columnist Steve Fagin. The full report was in November 20th's *New London Day*. If Brian had stayed with them he could have become famous. Thanks, Brian, for sticking with our group.



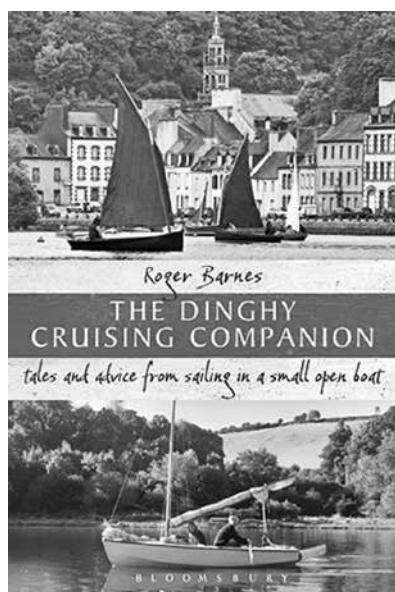
## Pinky Schooner *Glad Tidings*

This beautiful photograph has been shared with us by Olha Batchvarov as she finished a model pinky schooner, *Glad Tidings*. Visit this link to her website, [https:// www.shipphotographer.com/pinky-schooner-glad-tidings-proces?utm\\_campaign=084adce9-7cad-4262-a943-cdd7135568d0&utm\\_source=so&utm\\_medium=mail&cid=e54bd680-8f91-4bd4-afc4-6b6fcd2d3af8](https://www.shipphotographer.com/pinky-schooner-glad-tidings-proces?utm_campaign=084adce9-7cad-4262-a943-cdd7135568d0&utm_source=so&utm_medium=mail&cid=e54bd680-8f91-4bd4-afc4-6b6fcd2d3af8), to watch her fascinating mini videos of the build from hull to deck to details to sails and rigging. Her videography is spellbinding, to say nothing of watching her tie knots with tweezers. Thank you, Olha, for sharing.



## The Dinghy Cruising Companion

From Sharon Brown, "A note from Roger Barnes about his Camp Kitchen Box or, as he calls it, "Cuisine," which exactly fits under the rowing thwart of his camp cruiser, reminds us of his new book just out. Roger heads up England's Dinghy Cruising Association. He authored *The Dinghy Cruising Companion: Tales and Advice from Sailing in a Small Open Boat*. It is jam packed full of cruising tips, dry wit and interspersed with sea tales. Probably the easiest place to get it here in the States is through *Small Craft Advisor Magazine*:



***The Dinghy Cruising Companion***  
Tales & Advice from Sailing  
in a Small Open Boat  
By Roger Barnes  
Adlard Coles, UK -\$24.95

## Father-Daughter Racing Shell Splashes



John and Dana Henning's Chesapeake Light Craft rowing shell is completed and in the water! We first saw this boat under construction back in July when John advised that when, due to covid restrictions, his daughter Dana's high school rowing team was sidelined, she decided to spend her newly available time to build a racing shell of her own. At that time John reported, "Time has become odd here but Dana and I are well into our build and are enjoying it. She has done more than half the work and been involved in every aspect of the build. I've taken the lead when it comes to sanding, she's too young to enjoy the peace of the longboard."

John now reports, "Attached are a few pictures of the build. Dana really enjoyed the build and looks forward to displaying "Q" (named for the quarantine) at the next WoodenBoat Show." John and his family are regular members of the Mystic Seaport Museum's Pilots Program and attendees of the WoodenBoat show. We look forward to welcoming their new boat to our next John Gardner Small Craft Workshop.

The boat is the new one from Chesapeake Light Craft (CLC), the Oxford Shell II, which CLC's Nicole Stimpson demonstrated for us at the invitation of our Carl Kaufman during 2019's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. Here is CLC's description of the updated craft:

"Intended for recreational racing, workouts or ocean rowing, the Oxford Shell II is 20'10"x21" wide (6.35m x 53cm). It weighs 40lbs. It is pitched a bit more towards speed and performance compared to the original. Reasonably athletic rowers will be able to use it for training. Experienced rowers will find it a competitive shell for "masters" regattas. Without sacrificing smooth water speed, we went to a lot of trouble to design a hull that can handle waves and chop. Experienced rowers can keep the Oxford Shell II moving in conditions that would send many recreational shells home." See it at [https:// www.clcboats.com/shop/boats/rowboats/oxford-rowing-shell-II-wooden-boat-kit.html](https://www.clcboats.com/shop/boats/rowboats/oxford-rowing-shell-II-wooden-boat-kit.html)."

Beautiful work, Dana, and nice sanding, John. Hope to see it soon in Mystic.





## Starting a New Serial

We are very fortunate in being offered the opportunity to include in our newsletter portions of a proposed anthology *Stories from the Days of Sail* by Charles Duncan Wright. Duncan has previously contributed to this newsletter and led sessions at our John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. These stories were first presented as part of a sequential reading by members at a monthly meeting of the Delaware River TSCA. By all reports it was a fun evening.

We will separate by topic, in this issue we present Part 1 "The Ship and Its Gear." Thank you, Duncan, for researching these stories and confirming that they are all in the public domain and sharing them with us.

### Part 1: The Ship and Its Gear Judging a Ship

Frank T. Bullen

*A Sack of Shakings* (1901)

In London in November I shipped aboard the *Wanderer*, bound for Cape Breton. She was a small brigantine of 240 tons, built by eye of soft wood in Nova Scotia. "When I got on board I pitied myself greatly. I felt cramped for room, I dreaded the colossal waves of the Atlantic in that stormy season in what I considered a weakly built craft fit only for creeping closely alongshore."

As we worked the ship down the river under sail, the pilot was astonished by her handiness. When we emerged onto the open ocean it blew a "bitter northwest gale." To my surprise and delight, "it was as if the ship were one of the sea people... next of kin to the waves themselves... her motion as easy as the sway of seaweed, and as light as a bubble..." The gale taught me "never to judge the seaworthy qualities of a ship by her appearance at anchor, but to wait until she could tell me in her own language what she could do."

Then came a spell of favorable weather. Once the ship was steady on her course under all canvas, "for an hour I have walked back and forth before the wheel with both hands in my pockets while she sped along at ten knots, straight as an arrow in its flight."

### Maintenance Underway

Richard Henry Dana

*Two Years Before the Mast* (1840)

When a ship "sails from port, her rigging is generally slack, the masts need staying, the decks and sides are black and dirty from taking in cargo, riggers' seizings and overhand knots in place of nice seamanlike work and everything, to a sailor's eye, adrift. But on the passage home the fine weather between the tropics is spent in putting the ship in the neatest order..."

All hands had been hard at work upon the ship "from daylight to dark, every day but Sunday, from the time we got into warm weather this side of the Cape." ... All our standing rigging... was set up and tarred" and the ship was scraped and painted inside and out. Everything useless was thrown overboard," among which the empty tar barrels were set on fire and thrown overboard, of dark night, and left blazing astern, lighting up the ocean for miles.

Add to all this labour the neat work upon the rigging, the knots, flemish eyes, splices, seizings, coverings, pointings and graffings which show a ship in crack order..." In Massachusetts Bay, within sight of Cape Anne, "The last touch was put to the vessel by painting the skysail poles; and I was sent up to the fore with a bucket of white paint and a brush and touched her off from the truck to the eyes of the royal rigging."

### Improvising a Winter Berth

Thomas James

*The Strange and Dangerous Voyages of Captain Thomas James* (1633)

On May 3, 1631, we sailed on a voyage from the British Isles to discover the "North-west Passage to the South Sea." We crossed the Atlantic and sailed westward through a series of bays. By October 12 the ship was packed in ice. "We took our mainsail from the yard which was hard frozen to it and carried it ashore to cover the house we had built."

Blocks of ice began to beat against the ship, it was possible that she would break up. On November 26, "after prayers I called a consultation of the Master, my Lieutenant, the Mates, carpenter, and Boate swaynes, to whom I proposed that we were now put to our last shifts and therefore they should tell me what they thought of it, namely, whether it was not best to carry all our provisions ashore and that when the wind should come on northerly, it were safest to draw her further off and sink her." The ice would be no more than six feet thick, below that the ship could rest in safety.

In the spring we heaved the ice out of the ship, pumped it dry and resteped the masts... "On Sunday the second of July we were up betimes about stowing and filling our ship and weighing our anchors, which when the last was a-trippe, we went to prayer... This being done, we weighed and came cheerfully to sail..."

### From Member John Unverzagt

My activities over the summer have included sailing at the Mystic Seaport Museum multiple times a week. I have developed an affinity for the Beetle Cat and learned the differences in sailing qualities for a catboat versus a Bermuda rigged boat. On calm days, I have found the Seaport's collection of rowing dories to be an enjoyable way to spend the afternoon. Additionally, I was trying to learn as much as possible about life in a sailing village. Overall it was a thoroughly enjoyable and rewarding summer!



## Slow and Steady as She Goes Who Doesn't Like a Tedious Job?

By Richard Honan

After I attached the inwale to the spacer blocks, I took a small laminate trimmer with a roundover bit and added a radiused edge. Visually it looked a little too machined or doughy. I then proceeded to carve and sand each one of the corners to get a more finished look. There were 36 ( $36 \times 2 = 72$ ) openings in each inwale, four corners ( $4 \times 72 = 288$ ) in each opening. Eight to ten minutes to carve and sand each opening. Being retired and very anal, it was a perfect job for me. Ten hours later, the job was done!



From the wilds of Florida's Apalachicola National Forest to the calm waters of a lake in Central New York, with stops along the way at small craft meets in St Michaels, Maryland and Mystic Seaport, our little Gypsy is a rover. Built as a quick summer's project in Tallahassee while the family was summering at a nice, cool lake up north, this boat has become our family's favorite as it rows beautifully, sails well and once in a while accepts an outboard motor to buck a stiff current. Conceived as a "quick and dirty" boat building project, rough edges included, it has become the go to boat for kids, and now grandkids, to learn to row and take the tiller for the first time as they learn to sail.



Granddaughter Charlotte out for her first row.



Grandson Oliver takes the helm for the first time.

The "Green Boat," as it is usually called, is Phil Bolger's "Gypsy" design as described in the pages of "Dynamite" Payson's book *Build the New Instant Boats* and built during the summer of '84 following his no lofting, no ladder frame, no mold method of cutting out the pieces, clamping "legs" on the frames, standing them up and nailing on the transom, stem and planks. It was a bit wobbly but it stiffened up when the joints were taped and the bottom fiberglassed. Amazing to me, an engineer, the pre cut planks fit so tightly no wire ties were needed to force things into shape. A very smooth garage build with the doors wide open, temperatures in the high 90s and humidity likewise. Shop togs were a pair of cutoffs, a *WoodenBoat* tee shirt and a sweat band.

It did attract some attention from the neighbors. A young teenage boy bicycled over daily to check progress. I tried putting him to work sanding but he was too smart for that. At one point he stopped by as I was finishing up shaping the first oar from a nice chunk of Doug fir I had left over. I proudly handed it to him to admire. After hefting it, his response was "this'll make a nice Gator Club." Sorry I can't do his southern accent (we were just a few miles from the Georgia line). I said, "thanks," went inside and ordered a pair of half spoons from Shaw & Tenny. As a reminder, I still have that oar (club) leaning against the wall of the Boathouse.

## A Roving "Gypsy"

By Bill Rutherford



Grown daughter Liz out for a brisk afternoon sail 34 years after she helped build this oar and sail Phil Bolger Gypsy.

The only tricky bit was cutting a hole in the bottom of my new boat for the daggerboard slot. It is off center in the flat bottom. I came close to "correcting" that by moving it to the centerline. Fortunately, I did not follow through. The board cants forward, Bolger was smart enough to locate it off center so it does not hit the mast when putting it in and taking it out. Dodged that bullet.

Being an engineer, I could not leave well enough alone. The boat was originally designed for John Garber to row and sail along the Maine Island Trail. I figured that if it could do that it should be seaworthy enough for my young family. I was right and it has been. However, some mods were required for a family of four. The forward storage area became a seat for the nine-year-old and the aft storage became a sumptuous seat for Mom, complete with a transom backrest at a relaxing angle. The four-year-old sat on the side bench seats, learning to change sides when we'd tack. The same seating arrangement works just as well today with older daughter and her two kids ages seven and "almost 9" when they take me for a sail.



Liz and the kids taking off for a sail.

The sail rig waited until Karen returned from up north. She volunteered to sew the sail. Knowing nothing about sail design, I drew one up using a hand sewn together xeroxed "book" by an old retired sailmaker,

measured the bend of the mast and calculated the only curve in the sail, the luff. The other two sides are straight lines, it being a sprit boom rig. We laid it out full size on the living room carpet using masking tape. It took us a couple of weeks to get the sailcloth, sail tape and thread but Karen had no problem sewing her first sail. The problem came peeling off the masking tape, the tape came but not the adhesive. The outline of the sail was clearly on that carpet a couple of years later when we sold the house.

That sail is the same sail we use today. No special care, just wrapped around the mast and stored on top of the boat as a ridge pole under a blue plastic tarp. The mast is two 2"x4"s from Home Depot tapered to a 3/4" square at the top. We dropped a garage door on it, broke the tip off but epoxied it back on again and it still works fine, albeit with a slight kink at the very top. Bolger designed the mainsheet to run down to the top of the rudder, then out to the end of the tiller. I rigged a bridle over the transom and ran the sheet through a block on the traveller, an easier reach from the center thwart and a little easier on the hands to hold.

One other improvement that the neighbors enjoy was invented by my older daughter as a young adult. She got tired of jumping from side to side when sailing in the lake's fluky winds, plopped a cushion down on the bottom and sat in the center to sail, leaning from side to side when needed in light breezes and letting out the sail in gusts (we don't race). I came along and got tired of sitting up straight and added a backrest that fits up against a frame and is tilted aft for comfort. Sitting on the cushion and leaning back with my feet up on the center thwart, I am totally relaxed sailing around the lake on a summer's evening. Sitting on their front porches, the neighbors always have comments on how sailing is such a strenuous sport.



Seated on the bottom of the boat makes a summer afternoon sail much more relaxing.

The boat has travelled. It did an expedition (overnight) down the Ochlocknee River through the Apalachicola National Forest, the only excitement was startling the 'gators sunning themselves along side us in the tall grasses atop the river banks. The boat's next stop was Tampa where it would follow me over the Clearwater Causeway to relax and sail off the beach on a summer afternoon, one big thunder boomer caught me on the way home and I had water up to the seats by the time I pulled into the driveway. The boat almost went to sea once as the wind came up near St Marks after a buddy and I had descended the Wakulla River. It took Karen a while to find us where we had pulled up on the shore.

The boat rowed and sailed at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festivals in St Michaels, Maryland, multiple times with multiple generations. The boat now resides on a custom built dolly (with wheelbarrow wheels) in a boathouse (a relocated shed) at our camp on a lake in Central New York. We wheel it out and down to the lake to launch, leave it at the dock or anchor out, then drag it back up to the boathouse before we go home. Some summers it stays out from mid May to Labor Day. A testament to West System Epoxy saturation and good Interlux paint. It has been many shades of green but is still the "Green Boat." Its official name is *Raymond O. Thompson*, named after the old timer next door who took me fishing and taught me to play chess as a kid on that same lake.

This summer the whole family sequestered at the camp for a month. It was a wonderful time. One person would go to town for groceries once a week. We would go for morning rows, afternoon sails and Karen and I would take a sunset row around the lake of an evening. Both grandkids learned to row that boat this summer. It had many adventures including a few pirate raids across the lake. We built foot long boats of scrap wood to tow behind. Some evenings the kids would be in their double paddle canoes, get tired as the sun dipped below the hills and be taken in tow. Good entertainment for the neighbors as we looked like a mother duck with all her little ducklings in a row.



Son-in-law Adam taking the kids out for an afternoon row around the lake.

If there is a point to all this it is don't wait for perfection. Go build a light oar and sail boat big enough for the whole family and start having fun. The more complex sail boat stays on its trailer in the boathouse while we just shoulder Gypsy's sail rig, wander down to the water, plop it in the boat and someone, it could be anyone, takes it for a sail. Or for a row. Or learns to row. Or goes fishing, sitting quietly, waiting for the moon to poke up

over the hills. The end result is a great return on investment for five sheets of 1/4" plywood and a box of bronze ring nails.



The boat at rest at the end of a busy day.

The Boat: Phillip C. Bolger Design #436 dated 4/83 for H.H. Payson 14' 11 1/2" by 4' 4".

Sail Area 59sf: Mast: 16' 2 1/2" square at base to 3/4" square at peak.

Sprit Boom: 10' x 1 1/2" square.

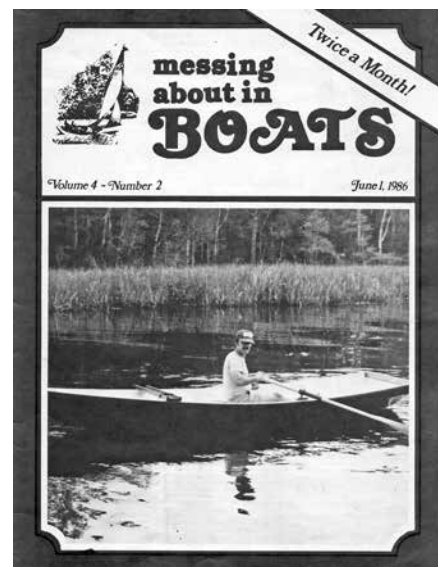
Draft: 2' 6" with board down; 4 1/2" w/o board.

Weight: Approx 150lbs with foam board under fore and aft seats for flotation.

Oars: 7'6" Shaw & Tenny "Spoons" (curved, not cupped). They stow with handles on forward side of rowing thwart up and against center frame with blades flat on the forward seat when sailing. We added a rowing rudder with a yoke and tiller lines so a passenger could steer. Eliminates a lot of directions that way.

Plans call for 1/4" plywood throughout, my nailing skills are not Dynamite's so opted for 1/2" ply for frames and being lazy, went with 3/4" ply for the transom, rudder head and daggerboard. Instead of butt blocks I scarfed the 1/4" planks (my first attempt, and it shows, but looks good on the outside). In keeping with the intent of the design, the finish is paint inside and out but I sprang for a mahogany rowing thwart, side benches and mast thwart. The seats are removable for revarnishing. Everything else is epoxy saturated plywood inside and 6oz fiberglass cloth outside.

Resources: *Build The New Instant Boats* by Harold "Dynamite" Payson, International Marine Publishing Co, Camden, Maine, with reduced plans and How-To-Builds for both a model and the full sized boat, available new from the WoodenBoatStore.com or H.H. Payson & Co at Instantboats.com for \$19.95, or used from Thriftbooks.com, or order a full sized (22"x34") set of plans for "Gypsy" Design #436 from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Also see "How to Build Series" in *MAIB* starting in the June 1, 1986 issue, which is reprinted on the following pages.



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Small boats capture that remnant of adventure left in us domesticated folks who experience adventures vicariously through TV, books or movies, but still thirst for the first-hand knowledge of doing it ourselves. Reason prevails in our choice of conveyance whether it be the family station wagon or combination fishing/rowing/sailing boat, but at heart we think like A.A. Milne in his poem, "Spring Morning":

If you were a bird and lived on high,

You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by.

You'd say to the wind when it took you away:

"That's where I wanted to go today!"

Off in search of adventure, or more pragmatically, perhaps, in search of a picturesque and secluded launch ramp. After all, Captain John Smith's ship's boat that he used to explore the James River in the 1630's was only fifteen feet long, so why couldn't we do something exciting with our modern versions of the same length? These things, I maintain, are more behind our choice of small boat rather than practical matters like number of seats, displacement or draft. Of course, it does not hurt if the boat looks well too. Phil Bolger designs boats that are easy on the eye and sit gracefully upon the water in addition to being practical. His "Gypsy" is such a craft, accomplishing rowing, sailing and motor-ing equally well. She is also capable of adventurous expeditions, as demonstrated by John Garber's odyssey along the Maine coast.

Suffice it to say, I chose "Gypsy" to build, nights and weekends in the garage, with home shop tools using "stitch and glue" technology, with H.H. (Dynamite) Payson's instructions in hand (the patron Saint of homebuilt plywood boats). What now follows are experiences which may be of some interest to those with similar bent.

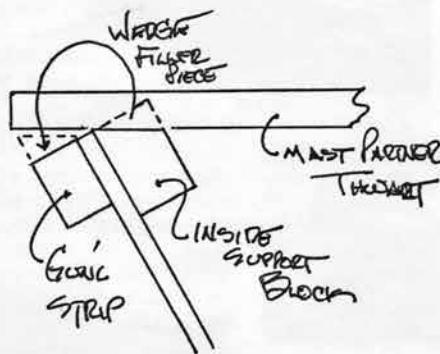
Hull plans are available from Mr. Payson and were shown in the SMALL BOAT JOURNAL. The building directions which come with the plans are beautifully described in Mr. Payson's latest book and were covered in great detail for the pure outboard version, "Diablo", in a WOODEN BOAT magazine article. My comments address none of the information contained in the above references, only some observations from the viewpoint of the rank amateur. Of course, I could not resist slipping in a few changes as I went along. I added plywood seats fore and aft for other family members and for flotation. The one aft is sealed airtight; the one forward is full of styrofoam. This in lieu of the styrofoam under the main thwart and benches shown in the plans. I used plywood for bow and



## An Amateur Builds Bolger's GYPSY

stern seats because plywood sure cuts easily for odd shapes.

The mast partner, a 3/4"x6" board, as shown on the plans, goes all the way across to the outside of the gunwale strip. The gunwale tilts away and down, however. A little wedge fills in this space and allows better bearing for nailing. I suggest support blocks on the inside of the top plank under the partner board as well to give a larger bearing/nailing surface. This also allows installation of the mast partner before the gunwales are installed (last item after fiberglassing). A bonus is that the waste strip cut off the top of the support block to make it level is exactly the wedge to fill in between gunwale and partner board (see illustration).



A neat detail to include throughout the interior is a fillet. The Gougeon Brothers explain it in their book, it is a mixture of microballoons and epoxy spread into the interior corners with tongue depressor to make the joints both stronger and easier to clean when the boat is in use. Microfibers and e-

poxy make a stronger mixture for the centerboard and mast step areas, although its surface texture is rougher. Application requires a knack. The radius of the 1/4 circle fillet depends on the angle at which the tongue depressor is held. Excess goop that squeezes out above and below the tongue depressor is scraped off and returned to the glue pot.

Another fine touch that adds to appearance is to 1/4 round corners with a router wherever edges are exposed. Some pieces have to be so edged before installation, due to tight spaces blocking router head movement later.

Foam rollers are best for applying epoxy to flat surfaces; they will go twice as far if you cut them in half. We used Gougeon Brothers West System (TM) epoxy throughout for adhesive, with microballoons and glass fibers for filler, clear epoxy all over as sealer against both water and water vapor, as well as the epoxy for the fiberglass cloth.

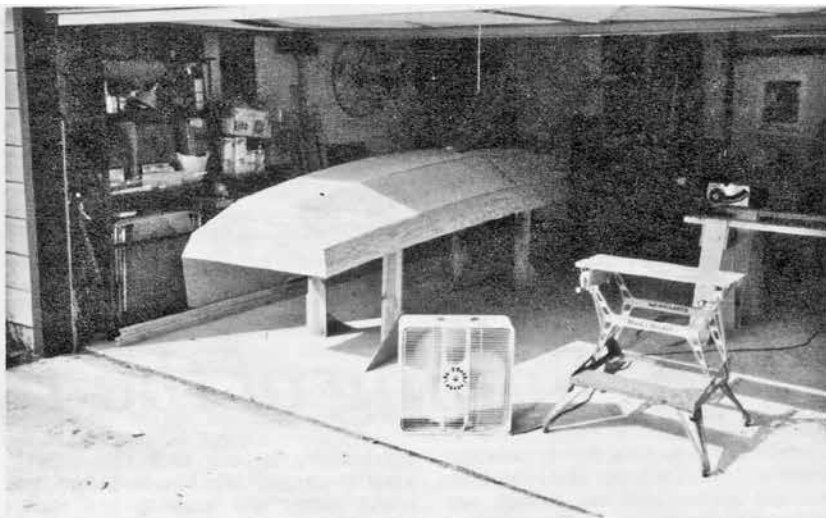
The surfaces of epoxy that are to be painted or varnished must be washed off first with soap and water to remove a wax residue. Failure to do this will result in paint not sticking and varnish becoming spotty about a year later, and then only refinishing from bare wood will help.

For the inside tape strips, we rolled on the epoxy first and, yes, foam rollers save epoxy and are a lot faster; if you cut the rollers in half, they work better in tight places. Anyway, roll on a prime coat inside just before you start taping and if you have slow hardening epoxy (1/2 hour at 70 degrees) the primer will be just sticky enough to hold your tape up in place while



you work your way along the seam with the cover coat. This saves that "extra hand" Dynamite required on Diablo for this evolution. My wife, you see, was on vacation and all the neighbors did when they stopped by was to talk about an "Ark" in the neighborhood.

The Gougeon Brothers in their book, "The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction", Pendell Printing, Inc., Midland, MI (pages 75-78) show a neat way to cut scarfs in the ends of plywood panels by stacking them in a staggered fashion, ends two inches apart, then cutting with an electric plane or, in my case, with a coarse belt sander. I held the plywood in place by nailing it to 16' 1"x2" strips laid on the garage floor. After sanding the scarf, I just pulled the panels up, flipped them around so the scarfed faces matched and glued the sloped faces together. Remember to brush on one coat of clear epoxy first, which soaks in, before gooping on a thick coat of epoxy with a few microballoons (for filler) which will act as the actual glue. I put a 1"x2" right under the joint and nailed right through the plywood and 1"x2"s with smooth brads. Remember to put a layer of polyethylene under the plywood, between the layers of plywood and under the top 1"x2" nailer. My scarfs do not match the Gougeon Brothers' for mirror finish but to my eye, at least, they look better



than a big old butt block on the inside of the planks that the plans call for; they also make cleanup easier after a sandy day of beach cruising.

Extra materials used in constructing the hull (not listed in the plans) were these:

Mahogany: 2"x4"x4' to thicken transom for motor mounting; 2"x6"x8' for center thwart, mast partner thwart and 1.5" support pieces on the mast partner; 6"x4"x3/4" (2) for blocks to raise oarlocks 1"; 1"x4"x6' for tiller and hiking stick..

Straight Grain Fir: 1"x4"x16' for gunwales.

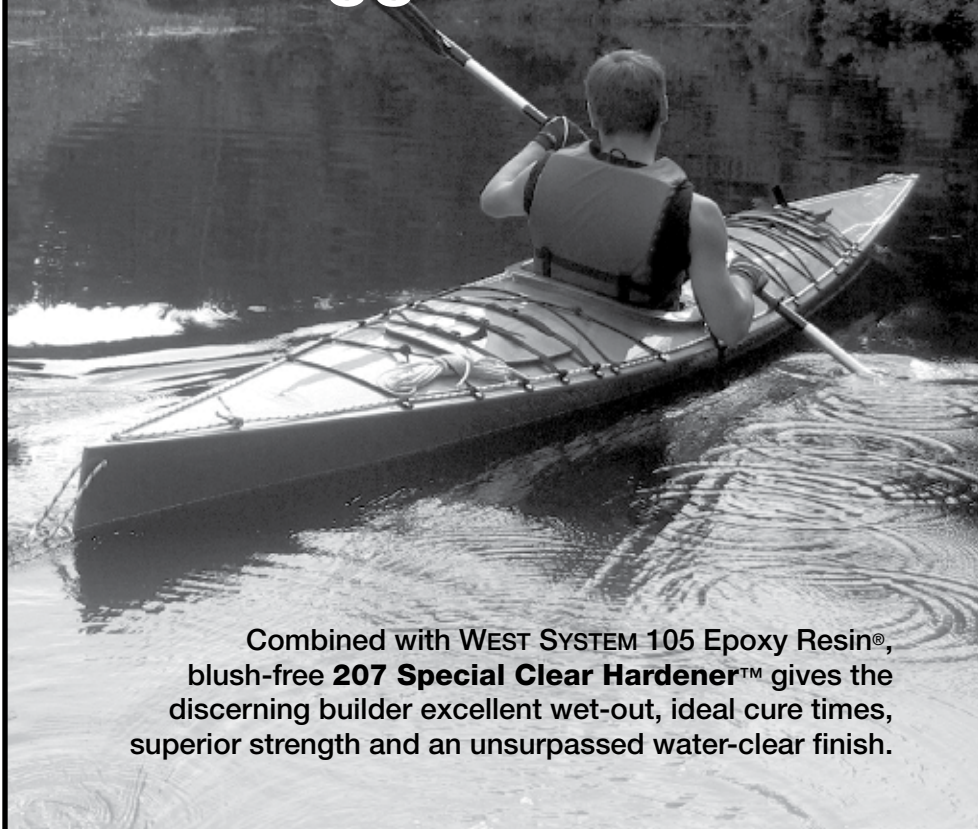
Tools I required in this construction were these:

Skil 492 saber saw; variable speed 1/4" electric drill; Makita palm sander; 7.25" Skil circular saw; table saw for resawing and squaring.

Report, photos & illustrations from Bill Rutherford

(Next issue Bill Rutherford discusses his experiences with the centerboard case construction, rudder, spars and overall hints on the whole building process).

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## Paul Charos Brings Home a Beauty!

Recently Paul Charos sold a 17' canoe of an unknown make and discovered that he had room to fill so he acquired this little gem, an 11' Old Town 50 pounder that was made in 1959 and delivered to a buyer in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Paul reports that this canoe loads and handles quite nicely, he had a couple of opportunities to use it last fall and is looking forward to getting a lot of use from it next year.



A little 11' Old Town, what some would call a "Pack Canoe." At less than 50lbs these are good for carrying into remote ponds.

## Norumbega Chapter WCHA

The Southern New England Chapter  
*Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd*

### Winter Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

### Doug Deyoe's First Solo Canoe Restoration

After several years as an apprentice Doug has completed his first solo restoration of a 1965 Old Town Guide Special. All of the wood repairs were made in Doug's basement where the Old Town shares space with another old wooden canoe and a lot of wood turning equipment.



September 2018: Doug sorting out the parts and pieces of the Old Town. For reasons unknown the factory build record for this Guide has the notation "Stern seat moved 2" forward." Perhaps someone could come up with a reason for this modification.

When the hull was ready for canvas a call for help went out and a couple of Norumbega members showed up on a Saturday morning to stretch the canvas and staple it in place, leaving Doug to do the filling by himself.

With the canvas filled it was time to bend the new outwales. With a few failures the bending was complete and the seats were recaned. Several coats of paint and varnish completed the project.

Now, with one restoration complete the logical thing to do would be to start another project. Stay tuned for Doug's next big adventure!



November 2020: The finished project, well done!



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Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association – December 2020

## A Narrow Escape

By Douglas Oeller

I had an adventure in Shinnecock Bay, Long Island, New York, recently. My friend Neal is a Long Island native. He has fond memories of boating there as a boy and invited me to spend a week sailing and sight-seeing. His sister and an uncle offered us the use of unoccupied houses in two different areas. So we took *Comfort*, my Marsh Cat, to Long Island for a week of day sailing starting on October 17. When we first arrived it was blowing 15-20 knots so we left *Comfort* at the house and did a scenic driving tour that included Montauk, Sag Harbor, Shelter Island and Greenport. Nice places all.

The next day we launched at a town ramp in East Quogue in the western part of Shinnecock Bay. We had mist and a light and variable breeze in the morning. But the sun came out and the breeze filled in to about 5 knots by noon. We sailed east, motor sailed under the Ponquogue Bridge and decided to do a clockwise circuit of the eastern bay which has an inlet to the ocean. The center of the bay has silted in and the depths marked on the chart are not accurate. We ran aground in areas marked 2.9'. I finally figured out that the locals have marked out the edge of navigable water using homemade buoys and various sticks and poles.

Having figured out the local markings, we enjoyed a pleasant sail, avoiding the shoal area and admiring houses and boats. The tide was in the last third of the ebb. My plan was to sail past Shinnecock inlet and continue back west to complete the circuit. I noticed that our speed was increasing as we rounded the "corner" opposite the inlet. So I started the outboard (a brand new Suzuki 2.5hp) as a safety measure. Sure enough, the current caught us and we started sliding sideways into the inlet.

No worries thought I, I'll just motor us out of here. But the tidal current had other ideas. We kept going out sideways toward a jumble of standing waves about 3' high. I got *Comfort* turned around and had the poor little Suzuki howling at full throttle. But we could not make headway. Fortunately we could hold in place as the water rushed past. Neal asked if I was scared and I said, "Well, maybe a little nervous." I tried attacking the current at an angle as you would climb a hill. But we kept ending up in the same spot or maybe a bit further out.

After a few minutes of just holding steady and wondering how long the engine would run at full throttle before running out of fuel, an inbound commercial fishing boat noticed our distress and tossed us a tow line. She towed us to a dock at a nearby marina where the current was still too strong for us to make headway. We tied up and thanked the captain. He advised that we wait another two hours until slack tide. We left *Comfort* securely tied and made our way to the outdoor deck of the marina's pub/restaurant

where we could keep an eye on the boat. While walking up the dock I saw the captain of the fishing boat, thanked him again and gave him all the money in my wallet which turned out to be only \$40. He was gracious and offered us sage advice, "Stay here for at least two beers!" We complied.

I think *Comfort* could have taken us safely through the inlet. But there was a real danger of broaching and capsize upon entering the standing wave area because I could not steer when we were going with the current. It was a risk I would not voluntarily take. The irony is that I had spoken on the phone with a local sailor (friend of Neal's wife) earlier that morning and asked her if there was any place I should avoid. She said to beware of submerged piles near the bridge but made no mention of the shoaling or the tidal current. The chart has no warning of the tidal current. The only way to avoid that danger would have been to not enter the channel that took us past the inlet. By the time we were opposite the inlet and I could judge the strength of the current it was too late. To quote Patrick O'Brian, "I got a new wrinkle in my arse." And a whole new respect for inlets.

## Canoe Transport

From Mike Bill

Looks like this canoe dolly is from the early 1900s. It has wooden wheels but needs one metal tire.



## Away from Engines On the Parker and Plum Island Rivers

By Pike Messenger

In soft air on calm Plum Island Sound  
We propelled our vessels with oar, lateen  
sail and paddle.

No stinky exhaust or engine noise,  
just happy chatter.

An ebb tide made passage almost effortless.

On the "Knobbs," low sand bar on the  
marsh Plum Island side

We moored our wooden boats and  
picnicked while admiring fall colored salt  
marsh grasses and russet, yellow brown oaks  
on its western edge covering low hills.

The tide rose and we returned  
on a neap flood.

Although November we were in  
shirt sleeves.

A gentle breeze barely marked the  
mirroring water.

Mud snails by the thousands covered  
the bar below.

The bottom scavengers had the water clear.

All seemed right with the world.

Our presidential election just over  
was forgotten.

Nancy sang a rowing chanty.

John stood gracefully on his paddle board.

Dan in his duck punt coached air  
over tiny sail.

Larry and friend in handsome peapod pulled  
two pairs of oars in sync.

This old timer in small dory called a gull  
drifted at times in the half tide current, oars  
resting in their yokes.



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## Environment

With the price of crude oil at unimaginably low prices, the need to frac in porous limestone has been eliminated and the need for frac sand has disappeared, much to the delight of preservationists and environmentalists. A Board of Trustees member at my old Alma Mater is in court against the Iowa DNR claiming that he was permitted to discharge 566 million gallons of water into the Mississippi as an element of his own frac sand operation. As fracking has now disappeared, he thought he could sell that water to the dehydrated Far West. Not so, says the DNR. He is now letting the judicial system decide and, knowing him, he'll fight for the right to sell water until the Mississippi runs dry.

Up the road is the Walz family farm on which they operate Walz Energy. Now they want to build a 11,600 head cattle feedlot. That is an awful lot of cows. Can you imagine the manure pile? The smell! Critics immediately raised all sorts of hell because the fragile Bloody Run Creek runs through the area. The late staunch environmentalist Tim Mason spent a goodly portion of his adult life studying and protecting the creek and its flora and fauna while working at the Effigy Mounds National Park near the creek. He always fought against anything that could potentially damage the uniqueness of the region. His research clearly noted that the Bloody Run Creek, Effigy Mounds and Yellow River offered a unique perspective of the Driftless Zone. He is probably spinning in his grave thinking about the manure from 11,600 cows.

*Science News* reported a Hungarian study that suggests that invasive carp fish eggs survive after being eaten by ducks. These eggs go on a wild ride through the digestive system of these birds and are pooped out many miles from their place of fertilization. This explains why some invasive species end up in waters supposedly protected from these fish.

Along the same lines, a Japanese study showed that the Eastern Beetle can crawl through a frog's digestive tract and emerge from the predator's butt. The beetle can survive the acid, oxygen poor environment in about four hours. The fastest run from mouth to butt was six minutes. Isn't science wonderful! (All the above information came from *Big River* magazine, a splendid publication out of Winona, Minnesota. A tip of the sailor's cap to Reggie McCloud.)

## Allisions And Collisions

Although landlubbers tend to use the words "collision" and "allision" interchangeably, they do have different meanings. Collision means that both vessels are moving while allision means that one of the objects (ships, piers, "things") is stationary. For example, when boating with my brother, my grandfather was cutting off a piece of bologna and reaching for crackers when he had an allision with a buoy, a story that was not supposed to be told to mom. Big Mouth Mike couldn't rat him out fast enough.

*Lady Diletta*, a river cruise liner, quietly attempted to pass under a bridge on the Mosel River in Germany, unfortunately, the boat's height and the bottom of the bridge were incompatible. The upper deck slammed into the bridge ruining the sundeck and railings.

*Rhenus Duisburg*, a self propelled barge, lost control due to current, tide and wind, a difficult situation to say the least. It hammered a bridge and several freight containers went over the side near Rotterdam, Netherlands.



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

*Bluebill* was transiting the Panama Canal from the Pacific to the Atlantic when she experienced an allision with a bridge. Reports claimed major damage to the platform and rails that ended up swimming.

And on the collision side of things, C-13, a Customs boat, capsized when it collided with a smuggling ship near Chek Lap Kok Island near Lantau Island, Hong Kong. Three crew were trapped in the cabin until rescued by divers, unfortunately, they all eventually died. Two crewmen on deck survived. No information was available about the smugglers.

The *RC Kreppel*, a tow pushing a couple of barges carrying sulfuric acid, collided with the *Cooperative Spirit* on the Mississippi River near Luling, Louisiana, at Mile Marker 123 causing one barge to leak vapors. One of the former boat's crew was rescued but three were missing.

## Merchant Fleet

Boris Johnson, the Trumplike Prime Minister of Great Britain, is facing some "Trump Tower" sized problems because of the looming Brexit. The National Audit Bureau reported that England was ill prepared to cope with shipping from other nations because of unique safety declarations and custom forms. It also noted that England does not have enough personnel or sites to handle the change. The data suggest that over 50,000 (!) new agents, specialists and other people must be hired immediately.

As if Johnson was not enough trouble, the Bank of England announced that their own investigation into Brexit indicated that Great Britain would face significant economic problems with "take back control" policies of leaving the European Union. The EU is trying to speed up the clock on England's departure because many members feel that it would enhance their own economy, especially dealing with maritime business.

RADM Mark Buzby, Maritime Administrator, gave an earful to a *Seapower* interviewer. The magazine is a monthly news journal on nautical and maritime affairs published by the Navy League of the United States. Truth in journalism mandates that I mention that I am the former president of the Iowa Chapter of the Navy League. Buzby talked intensely about the lack of merchant ships, the resilience and reliability of the current fleet and the ability to repair them.

The current manning of our US flagged ships has been dealt a horrid blow by the corona virus. Crews that have been all over the globe are prone to the virus and sick sailors face limited health service at sea. The Administrator did highly laud the teamwork between the military and commercial shipping companies to deal with this onslaught. He stated, "It's a read positive story, a positive chapter in our merchant marine's history."

He went on to praise the cooperation between the Navy, Navy Sealift Command and the US Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point. Many of the Middies at MMA are sent to sea on Navy, regular merchant and Sealift Command ships as well as its own training ships. At any given time about 250 students are at sea.

The Iranian Revolutionary Guard seized four oil tankers in the Gulf of Oman. The Liberian flagged ships bound for Venezuela included *M/T Bella*, *M/T Bering*, *M/T Pandi* and *M/T Luna* that were held for several hours until released. The US upheld its current sanctions about export oil from Iran and had confiscated Iranian oil headed to Syria in 2019. As one US spokesperson stated, "Iran was looking for its oil."

## Grey Fleet

Drug smugglers are becoming extraordinarily creative, innovative and sophisticated in their endeavors to transport drugs into the country. The Colombian Navy and US Drug Enforcement officers raided a shipbuilding operation and discovered an electric 40' submarine complete with 10 tons of batteries, crew bunks, bow planes and storage for their wares. They estimated it cost about \$30 million to build.

Officials claimed that this vessel could carry approximately six tons of cocaine worth a hefty \$120 million in America compared with the typical partially submerged boat that usually carries about \$30 million worth of drugs.

This particular submarine was designed to completely submerge. Looking like any military submarine minus the periscopes, this boat could handle unknown depths for 12 hours but her speed could only hit about 3 knots. A large nose ring indicates that she could not sail unassisted. She would be towed as close as possible to the mission point before being released to continue on her way unabated.

Considering her limitations, experts suggest that after the delivery she would be scuttled to join other drug runner boats in the junk pile on the floor of the Atlantic. Ho hum, another \$30 million lost while profiting \$90 million. Who says the world lacks entrepreneurs?

One military spokesperson uttered that now the Coast Guard will have to take on anti submarine duties. Although tongue in cheek, the comment does raise the question as to how much the Navy and Coast Guard will have to work jointly in the protection of the coasts.

Speaking of submarines, the Navy announced that the *Ohio*-class submarines' life expectancy has increased out of necessity. Originally designed to be junked after about 30 years, this class was pushed up to 40 years and now will work for at least 42 years due to the inability to keep up with technology in building newer subs. Commander Ed Anderson, Deputy Commander of Naval Sea Systems, noted that the *Ohios* were well built and could handle upgrades to extend their lives. He noted that the *Columbia*-class missile subs were on a very tight schedule and could tolerate no delays. They need to be launched by 2030. He also mentioned that the old *Los Angeles*-class submarines literally were being taken apart to understand how they managed to survive well past their expected lifetimes.

It is important to note that these Boomers will be assisted by the Hunter-Killer sub-

marines of the *Virginia*-class that are well behind schedule. For example, the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) is running about a year behind christening and two years behind commissioning. Work had been virtually stopped by Electric Boat in order to ensure the schedules of another two boats ahead of *Iowa*.

The *Ronald Reagan* (CVN-76) recently finished a very lengthy five month stint at sea, the longest ever for a Japan based ship in over 20 years. One aspect of the carrier's ability to remain at sea is that she has three totally different crews. Most Navy ships only have Gold/Blue identical crews so that the ship can remain on station and the Navy simply puts an entirely new crew aboard her. The alternate crew enters onshore training while their counterparts are aboard.

Russia and the US continue the cat and mouse game in the Sea of Japan. The former claims that their destroyer *Admiral Vinogradov* forced the American destroyer *John S. McCain* (DDG-56) from the area after threatening to ram the vessel if it did not immediately leave the vicinity. This assertion was quickly countered by the US saying that the *McCain* was on a "freedom of navigation operation" in international waters and that the claim of Russian territory was ridiculous because their claim was 116 nm from the Russian border.

In 2019 the Russian Navy and the American Navy got into a feud in the same region. The *Uss Chancellorsville* (CG-62) was threatened and refused to alter course. The Russian counterpart came within 50' of ramming the cruiser. The video of the incident is worthy of watching. It is interesting to see just how close the ships were to each other, much closer than ships get while refueling. Obviously the Russian destroyer was not on General Quarters since several crewmembers were sunning on the afterdeck helipad.

The *Bonhomme Richard* (LHD-6) burned for five days when an internal fire

in a vehicle storage area ultimately took out the mast, the flight deck and island. Although the ship remained watertight and remained at her dock in San Diego, she suffered severe structural damage forcing the Navy decision to repair or scrap the ship. Restoration was estimated at \$3.2 billion and, considering that over 60% of the ship was destroyed, RADM Eric Ver Hage, commander of Naval Maintenance, said that investigations and analysis determined that the ship was doomed.

He stated that a new LHA would cost about \$4 billion. Nevertheless, the loss of this amphibious assault ship is catastrophic to current Navy and Marine Corps strategies and goals.

The *USNS Miguel Keith* (ESB-5) was supposed to be ready for delivery by General Dynamics National Steel and Shipbuilding Co in San Diego. The expeditionary sea base ship was in drydock when the dock accidentally flooded, damaging and halting continual building for another six months. She was completed and sent on sea trials and she ultimately was accepted by the Navy in 2019. She is now in the fleet.

The vessel is named after Lance Corporal Miguel Keith, Viet Nam War hero and recipient of the Medal of Honor. Like others in this class, the center of the superstructure looks like it was cut out and a landing deck supported by I beams was placed in the middle. The model for this construction was based on Alaska based crude oil tankers. Her mission is mine/counter mine operations, supplying the fleet and use with the Marines on special assignment.

#### White Fleet

Covid 19 has wreaked havoc on the cruise line industry, costing the companies approximately \$3.84 billion. One major obstacle is that virtually all ships are staying at dockside but still need modest levels of upkeep.

The industry's quandary is that, while income has halted, ten new ships have been completed at costs ranging from \$75 million to almost \$1 billion. Usually new ships hit the water with loads of ceremony, bells, whistles, champagne and the top brass. None of these ships were baptized this way.

Many companies within the industry are advertising heavily and champing at the bit awaiting some sunshine in 2021. *Carnival Spirit* remains anchored at Singapore awaiting orders. MCS has been cleared in Japan and is offering some Asian cruise packages in the six to nine night range. Disney is especially anxious for 2021 because not only have their ships been idle, the theme parks (Disneyland, Disney World, etc) have had a huge loss of money.

Investors in the cruise line industry have greatly suffered as their stocks plummeted over the last year. Royal Caribbean fell from an all time high in January 2020 of \$135.32 to a miserable \$19.25. Carnival smiled widely when its stock hit \$71 per share but gulped painfully at \$8.80 this year. Norwegian Cruise Lines also fell from \$59 to \$48.72. While 2021 looks significantly better and a plethora of financial gurus are betting heavily on the industry, it will take some doing to make up for this level of loss.

They could do like the banking industry and do a reverse stock split of, say 10:1. In other words, 100 shares at \$5 became 10 shares at \$50. Today, that stock is worth \$57, but to those who bought it originally at \$50, it is worth \$5.70. Yeah, that's one way for Cruise Lines to do business. CNBC's Jim Cramer would go nuts! Interestingly, the day after the above was written, CNBC's Jim Cramer DID go nuts about the cruise line industry. He hit the button with "BUY, BUY, BUY." He believes that folks suffering from cabin fever are about to spend big bucks to go somewhere, anywhere!

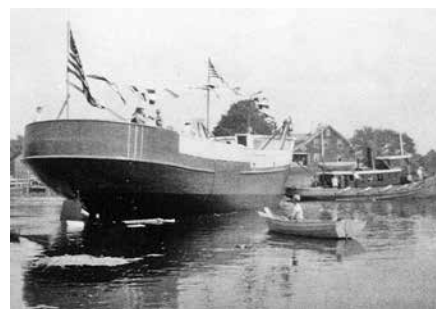




Here Charlie Conrad is fitting a section of decking in between the fo'c's'le scuttle and a fish hold hatch. One aft deck beam is in place, highlighting the characteristic break in the deck that was built into most Essex fishing vessels. This step keeps the helmsman and other crew on the after deck in rough weather safer by breaking a boarding sea and dissipating much of its energy. At the stern we can see the ceiling planking (laid inside the hull) as well as the top of the stern post.



## Frame Up Essex Shipbuilding Images from the Past



*Benjamin C.* was launched on June 27, 1946. The shipyard worker in the skiff has just removed the vessel's rudder bracing and will likely clear the rest of the launching debris from the river once the vessel is clear. The Essex-built *Mariner* is already hitched to the new dragger for the trip around to Gloucester.

**By Christopher Stepler**  
**Operations Administrator**  
**Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding**  
**Museum (978) 768-t7541**

### A Visit to the Archives: A Look at *Benjamin C.*



No fewer than eight shipbuilders are at work on the deck of *Benjamin C.* in April of 1946. Most of the main deck has been laid and deck beams for the after deck are being fitted. The stanchions have been trimmed to height and up forward the bow frames and knighthead timbers rise well above deck level to brace the stem and form the sides of the vessel's whaleback, which was used to stow extra gear and equipment.



The draggers *Benjamin C.* and *Famiglia II* dominate the view into Dana Story's shipyard in March 1946. A gang is busy framing out *Famiglia II* while Charlie Conrad is visible on the deck of the *Benjamin C.* behind. The spring thaw is well underway with the shipyard mud rising up around stacks of flitch, cut pieces ready for fitting and offcuts alike.

### The Causeway Drawbridge and *Mattie W. Atwood*



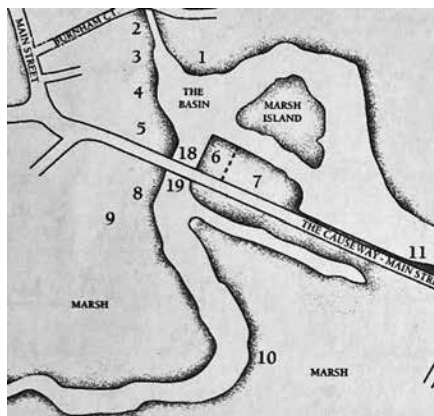
This photo of the causeway bridge and the town landing (note the vessel under construction) was taken from what is now the Burnham Boatbuilding yard at an unknown date, possibly as early as the 1860s. In 1824 a fixed causeway bridge was replaced with this drawbridge to allow vessels up to 24' wide to move downriver after launching. The draw was operated by hand, using chains and windlasses to open and close the span. The drawbridge was in service from 1824 until 1902.



Here we have a view across the bridge and down the causeway, if you didn't already know there was a bridge there you might miss it! In addition to the bridge we can see three vessels under construction, the largest being the *Mattie W. Atwood* (partially obscured by the building at center right) in the James & McKenzie shipyard. At 150' long, 33' wide and with two decks and three masts, the *Atwood* is the largest Essex sailing vessel ever built.



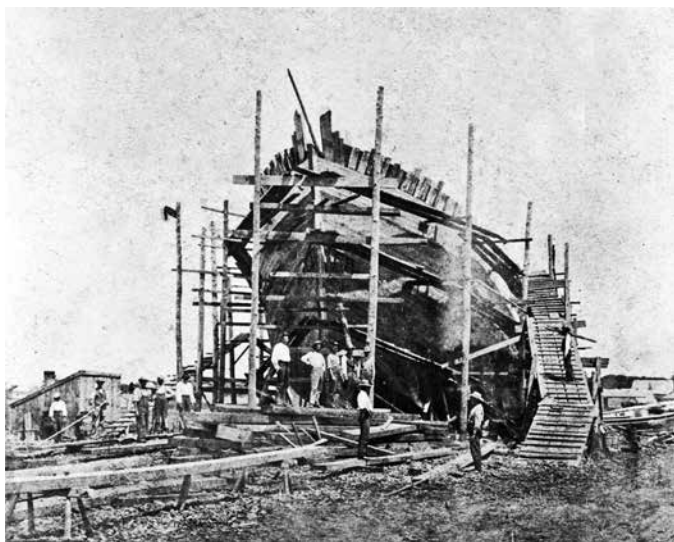
Two shipyards and a spar yard were located above the bridge. The shipyard marked “8” was used at different times by Adam Boyd, Samuel Burnham and Moses Adams, “10” was used by David Burnham, Aaron Burnham and Jeremiah Burnham and “9” was the spar yard of Timothy, Walter and Charles H. Andrews. The finger of the river running parallel to Main Street is a manmade spar pond dug by the Andrews to soak the logs for their spars until they were needed, a portion of this pond can still be seen today.



## More Fishing Schooners and a Stone Horse



A.D. Story's gang is busy preparing the schooner *Caroline* for launch in this photo from April 29, 1926. The crew has already braced the rudder and set up the launching ways and a shipwright is down below the tide line examining the work while other shipwrights take care of the last minute details on board of the vessel. The bow and stern of the three masted schooner *Adams* is visible in the background, the bow and bowsprit can be seen jutting above *Caroline* about amidships. A trick of perspective makes it appear that these two vessels are close in size, but at 147.5' long, the *Adams* dwarfs the little 72' *Caroline*.



Previously we saw the *Mattie W. Atwood* from a distance, here is a closer look at the vessel (launched September 19, 1872) which was the largest sail driven vessel built in Essex at 150' long, 33' wide and 653 gross tons. The *Atwood* was built in the James & McKenzie shipyard which built more large vessels than any other yard in Essex, including the largest, *Vidette*, a 191' long, twin screw steam collier. Just visible to the right of the *Atwood* is a newly launched schooner floating in the river, unfortunately not enough of the vessel is visible for us to identify it.



Raymond Mulcahy and Leo Doyle are at work fitting deck beams on a Samuel S. Crocker designed Stone Horse sloop built in 1962 by the Dana Story yard for Donald Hurd of Gloucester. The two are standing on staging, just visible on either side of the hull. This Quonset hut boat shed looks like a pleasant place in which to work with its long workbench and wood stove to drive away the chill of winter.



The handsome and able little sloop named *Jenta* is ready for launch.



This photo of *Jenta* was taken some years later and the boat looks just as trim as it did on launch day. There is no date on this photo but thanks to input from Harold Burnham we are able to date this picture to between 1969 and 1983.



The shipyard gang has paused work on the schooner *D.D. Winchester* to pose for this photo taken in the winter of 1883. Dana Story's note on the back reads in part, "This vessel was built alongside the creek that runs up to Burnham Court. Man on deck at extreme right is Newton Story, half brother of Job Story and father of Lewis H. Story. Vessel was built for Joseph O. Proctor Jr of Gloucester."

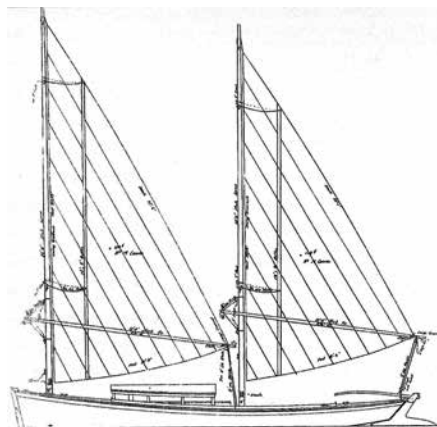
I built a sharpie beginning in October of 2019 and finished it recently. Launched in June but mast steps proved defective and made several other mods so that my joy is boundless. I also turned 80 this last October so my braggadocio (always close to the surface) is visible to all. It is a so called Ohio Pond net sharpie by Reuel Parker of the *Sharpie Book* fame. Nominally 19' but mine is 20' with massive stem. I named it the *James Thayer* after our dear departed friend and cruising partner (miss him so).



Regarding my beloved *Egret*, I sold it to the Crystal River Boat Builders. Apparently they're enjoying her. I immediately bought an '87 Hunter 23 with shallow wing keel that was much neglected. Clever design, however. Cleaned it up but it didn't satisfy. The Hunter was hard to get into and out of for me, I like to step out on the sand from the bow. I immediately started to build.

It so happens that a resident of Bokeelia had built a 24' sharpie cat ketch in the '70s from Howard Chapelle's *Boat Building* book from the 40s but who had long neglected it due to some very sad family events. He was going to burn it but, mirabile dictu, he thought of ME! So even with *Egret* and all its enchantments, I undertook its resurrection. New bottom, several pieces of topsides, new CB and trunk and a splice to a mast. Had a great outdoor shop of a friend with tools and power, etc. The sharpie didn't have the cuddy shown (completely open). And while its original name was *April*, a daughter of the builder, I named her the *James Thayer*.

Chapelle's 24' sharpie from his *Boat Building*, W.W. Norton and Co, 1941, 624 pp.



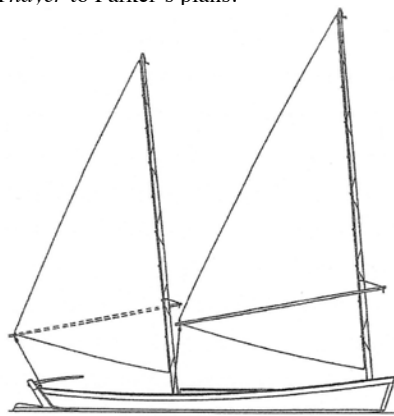
## Greetings from Dennis Bradley

I loved it, I mean him, I mean her. What a great design. Cruised her a bit in company with *Egret* and a friend to several West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron events (WCTSS). But I felt guilty as well as overwhelmed with two great boats to use and maintain and eventually gave her to the North Carolina Outward Bound school in Everglade City, Florida. What a wonderful program they operate and what a great welcome we've always received during our many visits. Hoped they might use its size and shallow draft for Wounded Warriors.

But they were never to use it, it seems, and I can understand. But during Hurricane Irma the camp was hit very hard and in January following I visited it at the end of a WCTSS event on Panther Key just northwest of Everglades City. The sharpie was hiding back of their base full of water and mud and missing a mast. But the School actually lost buildings and, of course, had bigger fish to fry.

So I asked if I could have her back and a few weeks later returned with a very good long suffering friend to drag her back in the water and take her home to Bokeelia. We used large diameter and very slippery PVC pipe for skids and winched her several 100s of feet into the Barrons River. The camp is on an otherwise inaccessible "island" at the river's mouth at which point we can go straight out to Indian Key. Then, hot and exhausted, we towed her with my Thayer Urbanna Rocket a few hundred yards to a ramp on the other side and on home by truck and trailer.

My thought was to attempt a second resurrection and with another dear friend (Fred Ebinger of Bokeelia and Ipswich, Massachusetts) we began a post mortem deconstruction to assess her potentials once again. Fred was more optimistic than I and we gave her a proper funeral. Actually not, small pieces into our dumpster, I'm embarrassed to admit. But hold on. Not before we saved all the gear we could. Sails, masts, sprits, rigging, hardware, rudder, CB and trunk and ballast. In short, all the expensive stuff. And from this treasure horde I began to build the new *Thayer* to Parker's plans.



Parker's Ohio Pond Net Sharpie from his *The Sharpie Book*, International Marine, 1994, 179 pp.

My wife Linda and I live in Bokeelia, Florida, near Ft Myers in a small mobile home and RV park. It's on the north end of Pine Island and a more favorable spot for

small boat sailing would be almost impossible to find. The island lies behind (east of) Sanibel, Captiva and Caya Costa barrier islands protecting Pine Island and Charlotte Harbor and Pine Island Sound, an area about 30 by 10 miles. The Intercoastal Waterway runs through it from south to north with a depth of 9' approx.

And then there is the Peace and Myakka Rivers to explore inland. And, of course, from tiny hidey holes to fancy marinas there is a lifetime of opportunity, supplies, good food and the occasional rum and cola. Then one can enjoy simple cruises up and down the coast. About 70nm south the Everglades begin and from there to the Keys and perhaps to the Dry Tortugas 70nm west of Key West. For the really adventurous, the loom of Havana's lights can be seen from Ft Jefferson.

Perhaps the insanity of stopping us from visiting Cuba will go away one day. Trump lost and perhaps anything is possible now. Although the Cuban embargo isn't his fault, that bit of adult behavior is owned by both parties and is strictly an anti communist inspired fit of pique. Russian missiles didn't improve our mood toward them.

The film *The Godfather* told an accurate story about the Cuban Revolution and the Mob's free hand under the tyranny of Fulgencio Batista. When the US stole Cuba from Spain, along with the Phillipines circa 1895, our "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" had no interest in giving the long suffering Cubanos their freedom. Admiral Nimitz in his *Naval History* declared that, "...the Cuban people simply switched one despot for another."

On a happier note, take a look at the cruising possibilities for small boats in Cuban waters. The island is over 800 miles long with a veritable paradise of a heavily indented coast. I probably will not see it, but I can't complain, I've had more than my share of fun on various beautiful waters.

In my park we have a boat storage area and I used my boat spot to begin construction. I put up a 20' car shelter/tent and built a very heavy strongback or table about 20'x4'x2' and leveled it all up. Parker's five page plan provided offsets for the bottom, sides and transom so that all I had to do was lay out the plywood, connect the dots with a batten and cut a bit proud of the lines. The resulting shapes were then coated with epoxy, spliced together with butt blocks and covered with Dynel fabric, not glass. All these steps were carried out while the bottom and sides were lying flat on the strongback/table.

I built her a bit heavier than called for as in a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " bottom and  $\frac{1}{2}$ " sides instead of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " and  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Chapelle makes a big point about a heavy bottom and as my *Egret* from Ralph Munroe had  $\frac{3}{4}$ " sides and a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " bottom, I followed their lead. No disrespect to Reuel. But I had another reason for going heavier. My friend on Pine Island, who built Chapelle's 24' sharpie, had never built anything and somehow met up with Charlie Morgan of Morgan Yacht fame. Under his guidance or influence (I'm not sure which) my friend built several mods that made no sense IMHO.

First, he got sails from Charlie with ordinary Marconi cut so that he had to install goosenecks on each mast about a foot above the partners. Each sail was a deck sweeper, no leg-o-mutton and sprits. Second, Charlie told him to build light bottom and sides. There was a bridge deck where the mizzen stood but behind that he cut the side decks

and coaming off so that there was 5' of rail that took water in on a slight heel. Of course, that's what my friend said. I suppose Charlie Morgan should be allowed to defend himself.

I corrected these "errors," had sails recut as leg-o-mutton, built proper sprits so that tacking or jibing didn't remove heads, put a full 1 1/2" bottom on her and replaced side decks but not before I capsized her in a lovely Sunday breeze. I was heeling waay over, looking forward and hooting with joy, and heard the water pouring in too late to recover, right in the middle of a crowd of other boats. I didn't need a red flag to attract their attention. All my gear fell out and drifted off. My rescue is another great story where one's assumptions are challenged, perhaps I'll tell it later. But all ended better than I deserved.

Regarding Dynel rather than glass, Parker recommended it and I was glad I followed his advice. Tiny bit of trouble finding it but several advantages, no itching when sanding, although masks still matter, it conforms like a wet T-shirt if you catch my drift, and it's a great non skid surface. More expensive on the down side. Parker also says it's stronger. It's a polyester fabric of some sort. I found it at Defenders. I have quite a bit left over, contact me for details but as of yet I haven't measured the remainder. I covered all boat surfaces inside and out except the three thwarts (try saying that fast several times).

I changed my mind, I will tell you more about the capsize of the Chapelle 24-footer. Several years ago, perhaps as much as ten, a friend and I had sailed both *Egret* and the first *Thayer* to Cortez, Florida, for their small boat fest. These have been discontinued but the Sarasota Sailing Squadron picked up the tradition, until the pandemic, of course. I sure hope they can safely resume this next spring.

Cortez is just south of Tampa Bay, tucked into a corner of mangrove near Bradenton. The small craft museum and fishing museum is a real treasure and the source of so much fun and history. Roger Allen was the director until he moved to Buffalo to help revitalize its waterfront and connection to the Erie Canal. A one man small boat piper. Such fun. When he left to go north, the stuffing seemed to fall out. Not sure what happened but when it was ongoing...

Two stories actually. On Saturday of the fest there is a regatta, of course, for the 15 to 20 small boats. The boats were all grouped in the mangrove corner and ventured out into the Intercoastal Waterway (ICW), a distance of one-eighth of a mile, I suppose, right past the US Coast Guard facility. The fleet disgorged pretty much en masse right in front of their pier. The ICW is very narrow there and about a quarter mile south of a lift bridge from Cortez to Longboat Key.

The start occurred somehow (can't remember hearing anything, not that it mattered). The breeze was 10-12 I recall. A triangular course began just west of the ICW and it looked like a waterbug riot. And to top it off, the USCG deployed a couple of small launches back and forth in the melee, yelling at us to know who was in charge? In charge? They must be kidding and, of course, everybody hooted and hollered. Finally, someone finished first, big frigging deal, and back to the origin in the mangrove corner. In short, there was a reckoning but no one was fined or hurt. Lots of laffs though.

Next, I'll talk about my capsize on the Sunday following. Hint, the USCG strikes again, with all due respect. Following the Sat-

urday fest in Cortez, on Sunday when almost everybody goes home, I stayed on to sail the 26' *Thayer*. Somehow, she gained 2' from the original plan. It happens, I can avow. Beautiful day and even windier or there was more wind or whatever.

Let me back up a bit. We had sailed *Egret* and *Thayer* up from Bokeelia about 50 miles or so at the end of the previous week. We took off in a hurry without really outfitting *Thayer* properly. *Egret* had an 8hp Yamaha and *Thayer* had a 2hp Honda, the air cooled one. The transom on *Thayer* was properly raked aft making mounting the Honda on it untenable so I built a side mount for it. It worked OK but looked atrocious to my aesthete's eyes. So that Sunday I took the Honda off and laid it in *Thayer*'s bilge.

Then off across the ICW to where the regatta had been held in a large bay. As I said, plenty of wind and me with no reefs. Having a great time and hiked out to port, watching as the water on starboard side deck climbed up to the coaming some 10" inboard. No problem, I thought. But as I hinted the actual real cockpit had no side decks and it was then I noticed there was a lot of water in the boat already. Too late, over she went. Not turtled of course, but spars and sails in water.

All my gear, hatch covers, a fuel tank, cushions, food, etc, fell in and drifted away quickly. Not only that, but the Honda went in, too. Well, it must have been quite a sight as several small powerboats came over to gawp. No one responded to my pleas to round up the flotsam, they just stared at me, silently to boot.

And then I took to righting *Thayer*. Not so fast. First I had to pull the masts out which would seem to be an easy task. Or at least it would have been if I hadn't used the the sail's tack lines to hold the masts in. And it was wet very small diameter junk and me without a knife to cut them. This, of course, takes a while. Then both masts are floating with sails still on them and I tie them to the hull with the halyards.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Earlier I mentioned the proximity of the USCG dock and sure enough they showed up. I was still rounding up miscellaneous stuff and trying to free the spars so *Thayer* could be righted and bailed out. It had about 300lbs of lead ballast but still floated high and dry, well, OK, not dry. But before this all happened the CG came along with their hybrid ridged inflatable with twin 300hp outboards.

Once in range the Petty Officer in charge yelled at me to come over and get in their boat. I tried to explain that I was in no danger and was salvaging what I could. Never mind that, he said, and threatened that if I didn't climb aboard right not he's come in after me. The three enlistees were all strapping lads in their heavy brogans and blue fatigues and I argued no more. I grabbed my bowline and swam over to them, handing them the painter as I climbed aboard as ordered. Next the guy with the painter dropped it back in the water but his buddy grabbed a telescopic boat hook from a convenient bracket and proceeded to extend it from its collapsed condition.

Did I mention they were all bruisers? Friendly and helpful, however. He proceeded to pull the boathook apart and while he stared at the two pieces, we had drifted away from the floating painter. As mentioned there was a good breeze and much time was spent maneuvering with the twin OB's to pick up painter which then became entangled in their props.

Yup, they finally let me back in the

water to remove it from the props. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that I didn't have my life jacket on when capsizing. Oooooops. Which explains their initial commands. But, in fact, I had to untangle the painter from props again. They then had me and the *Thayer* tied to them. Helpfully they asked what I thought they should do next and I used their VHF to call my Boat US service. I had asked initially about just towing me, boat and spars about 100 yards to a sandbar paralleling the ICW where I could anchor and bail *Thayer* out. This they generally don't do if they can help it as it would, I'm sure, ruffle the feathers of Boat US and Seatow. Privatization and all that. Good ole GOP never misses a chance to make a buck.

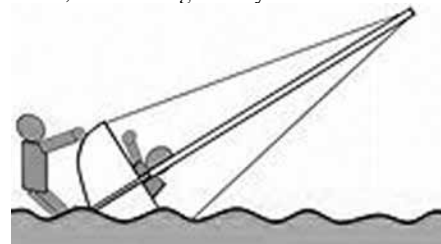
Of course, the day is still lovely and the water warm and many observers, don't you know. And sure enough, in about 15 minutes one of the Towboats shows up to tell me that my subscription to their service doesn't cover "sinkings." I'm surprised by this as my sharpie is clearly on the surface. But then I remember that the last thing I want to do is to let him put his rope on the *Thayer*. If he does, my problems, which I thought were almost over, might have just begun.

A word to the wise, once they have their lines on YOUR BOAT it literally is THEIR BOAT until properly adjudicated in the Admiralty Court. No fooling. A completely autonomous Court System for messing around in boats. My replies to the towboat captain were not endearing but I soon recovered and commiserated with him. It's his boss who insists. And he goes on his way with my thanks for showing up.

At this point, I ask about the 100 yard tow to the sandbar and the Guardsmen graciously agree. This takes just a very few minutes. *Thayer* has righted itself and the boat and masts with sails and sprits fully set trails obediently behind. Oh, and by the way, the sandbar is just part of the shallow water covering the entire corner of the Cortez waterfront. My plan is to bail her out, throw all the other gear back in her and literally walk home.

At his point the Guardsmen, taking a quick look around to see if anyone official is watching I guess, start their "handy billy," a powerful water pump with a 4" suction hose. *Thayer* has bulkheads fore and aft and the open middle about 15'. It is dry in literally a minute. Wow. Needless to say I thank them profusely and, as they return to their pier, I start to "walk" home when a fisherman from Cortez on his way home takes me and *Thayer* in tow. I've learned a few very useful lessons even if these were embarrassing/humiliating. Certainly I deserved it.

Oh, oh, I forgot the best part. The 2hp Honda had fallen overboard but in a mass of uncoiled halyards and sheets. Before the CG started the trip to the sandbar, I pulled in all the line. True, it was a mess but tangled up in it was the motor. Mirabile visu (wonderful to see). And after new oil and a carburetor cleaning and draining the crankcase of seawater, it started right away.



Messing About in Boats, February 2021 – 29



I tend to read about a boat design in a magazine and fall in love with it. Sometimes this extends to building the boat, which is what happened this time. In the 2014 issue of *Small Boats*, a yearly publication from *WoodenBoat*, I read about the Chesapeake Deadrise 18', a design from Doug Hylan up in Maine, which rang my chimes! I live in tidewater Virginia where I have been exposed to Chesapeake Bay Deadrise boats for the past 65 years (I am 83) but had never tried building a deadrise. Well, now was the time to start! First move, I purchased plans and started figuring just how I would build this boat. Plans arrived, along with a CD with LOTS of good information.

I started this project in 2018, the first item was to clean out the garage, which I did sort of halfway anyway, good enough to work in. I then built a temporary table on sawhorses and manufactured the temporary frames, or molds, to give the boat its shape, which I set aside. I then manufactured many parts of the boat, stem, sides, bottom, transom, chines, keel, most of which involved scarfing, which I had never done.

During this time I was emailing back and forth to Doug Hylan with a few questions and discovered that he was actually on a cruise coming up the intracoastal waterway. I emailed him my latitude and longitude and a couple of days later he dropped anchor off my pier! We were able to enjoy a few hours touring the area (Yorktown, Virginia, has a lot of history!) and a great seafood dinner! Doug is a #1 great guy!

With all this complete and the parts stored away, I disassembled the table and used parts of it, plus the temporary frames I had constructed, to build a building form over which I built the boat. I used two 16' long 2"x10"s with an extension to hold the stem. At this point I must make a confession. The plans called for a LOA of 18'4" but I respaced the frames to create a boat 20'10" long. I believe that longer boats are better and this was the longest my garage would hold!

With the building form completed, the next step was to build the hull, which I built upside down. I set up the transom, attached the keel and stem and bent the chines, both at the same time, around the frames, attaching them at the stem and transom. All joints were glued together with epoxy glue and fastened with brass screws. Then I installed the sides, again both at the same time. Note here, Doug's plans detail the shape of the sides. No cutting and fitting here!



## Adventures in Boat Building

By Gaylord Lockett

Next was the bottom. Sides and aft bottom are 1/2" plywood. I had scarfed plywood panels to cover the aft 12' of the bottom. I temporarily placed one panel and marked it slightly oversize (plans do NOT detail the shape of the bottom panels), then used it as a template to mark the other side. After cutting, both sides of the aft bottom were installed. The forward part of the bottom has a distinct curve which gives this design its name, Chesapeake Bay Deadrise! I accomplished this curve by using small panels of 1/4" plywood sandwiched together to give 1/2" thickness as per design. Next step was to trim off all excess wood and sand smooth. I could not believe the beautiful curve I had built into the bow!



The next move involved fiberglass. I applied one layer of fiberglass with epoxy over the bottom and sides up to the sheer. Final move was to install rub rails and spray rails and now we are ready to turn this thing over!

Turning the boat over in the confines of the garage was a big deal! My #4 grandson, who had been helping along the way, was indispensable, which means I could not have done it without him. With the use of four chain hoists borrowed from his job we picked the boat up a few inches, disassembled the building form and removed it. Then raising one side and lowering the other, with the boat suspended in mid air, we rolled her over! (Now I can breathe again!) Looking ahead I had built a cradle to fit the bottom while the boat was still upside down. We placed it under the boat, raised up on a couple of cinder blocks and it worked perfectly, so I had the boat supported amidships on the cradle with an additional support under the bow and one under the keel at the transom.



With the boat right side up I installed flotation in the bow with a forward deck and bulkhead for stowage. A seat amidships with stowage beneath, a small console and an aft seat with flotation port and starboard and a place for a bilge pump, battery and gas tank on the centerline. I built the aft seat longer than the design to allow room for additional flotation. My aim was to have enough flotation to allow the outboard powerhead to remain above water should the boat somehow flood.

Before I install an outboard I plan to place 200lbs of lead in the stern, 50lbs in the bow and flood the boat to see if she still floats. Cross your fingers! Also, between the console and the aft seat I have installed a fancy swiveling helm seat with fore and aft adjustment and arm rests! Out of character for this boat but I always wanted a seat like this!



So with four fence stretchers (the chain falls had been returned to #4 grandson's place of business!) we lifted the boat off its cradle and backed the trailer under it. Worked like a charm. A coat of paint, installed some hardware and here it is, almost ready to go except for having an engine installed, which I will do next spring.

Meet *Firefly*, soon to be a USCG Auxiliary operational facility.



Here is another little skiff inspired by a Chesapeake Bay working craft. In order to combine chine construction with the kind of bow that can punch into (instead of being punched around by) the Bay's notorious chop, builders there have long used cross planked "deadrise" construction in which the bottom planking twists markedly as it approaches the stem. While this method produces a fine and soft riding bow, it requires great skill as each bottom plank must have just the right amount of twist manually carved into it.

Plywood has a lot of advantages for small hull construction but one disadvantage is that it cannot be made to form into this kind of bow, at least not in large pieces. This new design is drawn to use plywood in large pieces where possible (roughly three quarters of the boat's hull) and in small pieces where necessary to get the Chesapeake deadrise bow form. Construction has proven to be quick and easy.

This boat is designed to make good use of low horsepower, in fact, big motors are not recommended. Our boatyard 9.9hp outboard gave 12kts with four adults aboard. 25hp should be viewed as the upper limit.

The plans consist of eight sheets, Lines, Outboard Profile, two interior layout options, Building Jig and three sheets of full sized patterns. Also included is a Compact Disc with construction and finished photos of the prototype boat and other various and possibly helpful information.

#### Particulars

LOA: 18'3"  
LWL: 17'4"  
Beam: 5'5"  
Draft: 6" motor up  
Weight: Approximately 350lbs less motor  
Hull Type: Chesapeake deadrise skiff  
Construction: Plywood  
Suitable For: Somewhat protected waters  
Trailerable: Yes  
Propulsion: Outboard motor, 10hp to 25hp  
Speed: Up to 12 to 20 knots, depending on motor  
Skill Required: Beginner  
Lifting Required: No, full size patterns included  
Plans Sheets: 8 sheets plus Compact Disc with photos and other info  
Plans Package Detail: Above average



## Chesapeake Deadrise Boat Point Comfort 18 Study Plans

Plans Cost: Including building rights for one boat, \$200 plus S&H

#### Check for Powering the Point Comfort Skiff

The Point Comfort skiff designs gives one of the best combinations of quick and easy building, soft riding and fuel efficiency I have ever encountered. It will give a smooth ride in the kind of small chop that would knock your fillings loose in a flat bottomed skiff and get the whole family there in good time with a tiny fuel bill.

We experimented with three different tiller steered motors on the prototype Point Comfort 18. Our yard skiff's Yamaha two stroke 9.9, equipped with Doel Fins, gave 15kts with one person aboard and 12kts with four adults. An older Johnson 15hp two stroke gave 18kts with one person and a new Yamaha 20hp four stroke gave 21kts. This is about as fast as is appropriate for this kind of boat. A 25hp remote steered motor with a center console will allow you to take any safe load on a quick trip.

Because of the somewhat unusual hull shape of this type of boat, extra care is required to make certain that your boat trims properly when at speed. This is done by adjusting weights and motor trim angle or by adding a small "wedge" at the transom. When running along, the forefoot (bottom of the stem) should just be touching the water's surface, which gives the best combination of speed, soft riding and good handling.

When the bow is running too high, the boat will pound in a chop and the bow will blow off in a side wind. If the bow is too low, boat speed will suffer and you will take more spray over the bow. When the trim is correct, the bow will rise very little as you come up to speed and may fall very slightly at wide open throttle with bigger motors. The ride will be soft in a chop and speed will be good with very low fuel consumption.

Of course, when you are aboard it is hard to see if the trim angle is correct, it will be very helpful to have someone observe from a dock or another boat until the boat is properly set up and you have learned to recognize the signs of improper trim.

The most challenging situation arises if you are planning to use the boat alone with a tiller steered motor. In this case both the motor and operator weight are aft (perhaps a fuel tank and battery as well). In this case, the motor will probably want to be tilted all the way down and any movable weights stowed forward.

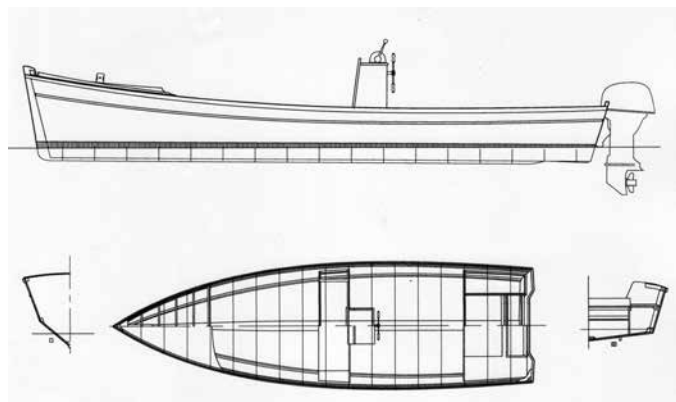
If this arrangement does not produce satisfactory trim, there are two options. We have had very good result from installing Doel Fins on the anti cavitation plates of the motor. These are inexpensive, easy to install and do a good job of lifting the stern (and bringing the bow down). Once they are installed, the motor trim adjustment will likely want to be decreased by one or two steps to arrive at the correct running angle, which gives you the ability to adjust tilt for unusual loads.

Another option is to install bottom wedges, a time honored method of correcting a high trim angle. Nowadays the easiest way to do this is to use an epoxy/microballoon putty to build a slight wedge on the bottom planking where it meets the transom. The wedge is quite small, probably no more than 3/8" thick at the transom, feathering to nothing about 10" forward of the transom. However, I prefer the Doel Fins as they are quicker to install, adjustable and may improve motor performance as well.

If you will be using a motor with remote steering and power tilt, your job will be simpler. The weight of the console and helmsman will be more forward and the ability to trim the motor while underway will allow you to adjust for varying crew/cargo weight. Your battery will best be installed aft to shorten the wire run, but if large fuel tanks are installed they may need to be more forward. If the typical 6gal portable tanks are used, the tank in current use can be under the aft deck with spares up forward.

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It all began in 1939 when my good neighbor and boating mentor Mr Van (Nelson Van Valkenburg) offered to give me a 16' skin-on-frame kayak his sons had built long ago. What could I say at age 8 other than a grand thank you. Mr Van, in his eagerness to give me an opportunity to develop my early waterman skills, had, for my seventh birthday, built a 10' skiff. Now I had two boats which later would become seven.



I lived in the summer months just a small jog down the shore from his place. It became my habit to greet him and his wife as they emerged from their sleeping cottage just after 6am, following them into their separate kitchen cottage. More often than not he would ask me to sit on his lap by the breakfast table where he, staring into my eyes, would ask, "are you ready for Mrs Van's delicious golden brown pancakes?" So began my day as I scooted around the stone tossed shore in my bare feet in and out of boats.

The skin-on-frame kayak appeared for my use one day and mysteriously a double bladed paddle was there, also. It made an impression on me that lasted many years. The kayak had a well painted canvas skin that kept it from leaking. The kayak got much use from relatives and a neighbor's son who used it to extensively explore the Accabonic Harbor shoreline.

The fascination with kayaks, built like those used by Eskimos, that emerged at the beginning of the 20th century, returned at the Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, Connecticut, while conversing with the representative of Shaw and Tenney, oar maker. It was then that I ordered a double bladed paddle for the skin-on-frame kayak I was planning to build. Two years later, after much searching, I settled on Spoonrift, one of many plans available from Stimson Marine.

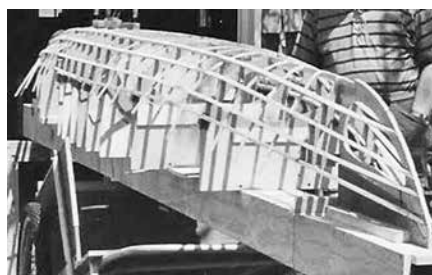
I bought the plans. Along with them came a 47 page book setting the stage for 32 – *Messing About in Boats*, February 2021

## Three Encounters with Skin-on-Frame Boats

By Ray Hartjen

how one starts by building a strongback. A boat builder friend had an excess of the right size marine plywood and an interest in what I was about to undertake. I agreed to cut him a set of frames for his boat to be, as I did mine, on the basis that the plywood would come free of charge in exchange for my effort.

For each frame there was a reciprocal piece which the designer called the cradle that acted as the base for setting up the framework on the strongback. Then came the need for the longitudinal pieces to hold the structure together. I found they could be gotten out of staging spruce if one were to sort through the pile in the lumber yard. I could go in detail for each stage of construction but will not, but only take the time to write about several unique systems I devised to help in the process.



The source of the lumber was not long enough to meet the needs of the 18' kayak. I devised a narrow box that would keep the segments in line as the long scarfs were glued together. With the segments to be glued wrapped in plastic and clamped from above I was able to create straight long length struts for the hull.

My source of steam for the ribs between frames was an unusual electric tea kettle provided with the necessary attachments to guide the steam into my wooden steam box which had two rows of dowels which kept the wood suspended and enwrapped in steam. Nothing special there but when it came time to bend the trim around the cockpit coaming I used copper tubing with a "T" soldered in the middle. The diameter of the copper was sufficient to allow the trim to be slid through it while steam came from the middle of the

"T." This device was moved along the trim to places where extreme bends were required. It worked beautifully.

The cockpit coaming had as its inner layer a nice piece of ash which I cut in half longitudinally so that it came out as being book matched the grain on each side of the centerline duplicated itself. That was true of the floorboards with each pair gotten out of the same piece of cedar.



The covering for the kayak was 14.2oz nylon for the bottom and 3.7oz Dacron for the top. Unique for holding the cloth in place was the use of hot glue laid in place prior to the laying on the covering. A hot iron was then laid on the covering at the gunnel where the hot glue had been laid down. It worked beautifully. The reheated glue would set up quickly, firmly holding the covering in place.

Two pictures of the resulting kayak appeared in the "Just Launched" September/October 2001 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine. It was the first time they used two photos, one of the uncovered frame and one covered. These photos complimented two books on skin-on-frame that were reviewed in that issue.



My next, and latest, connection to skin-on-frame boats came in the fall of 2019 when I came across the website of Gentry Boats. I fell in love with the *Shenandoah*, a 13' Whitehall. I bought the plans to enable me



to consider fully what effort it would take to build one. I had to consider two options. Building from the plans would require me to acquire occoume plywood or buy the pre-cut frames. I chose the latter as I had had the experience of cutting out the frames with the previous boat, which were not too perfectly done as the lines defining the frames were too wide, like they were drawn with a magic marker. Since the bought frames were cut by a CNC system they arrived perfectly cut with rounded edges. I was delighted.

The strongback for this boat was simply 2'x6', 14' long. The 23 page manual provided detailed steps to guide me in the setup of the frames. Once again I spent time at the lumberyard sorting through the pile of staging spruce. Fortunately there was a good number of pieces with nearly no knots. They were avoided as I ripped the boards into the desired sizes using a glue line ripping blade on my table saw. My eagerness to get the boat setup caused me to skip the sanding of the rougher edges, which were as the lumber came to me. I paid for this skimping later on when preparing the whole structure for three coats of water based varnish.



My next error came as I created the joint between the stringers and the stem. Somehow I caused the stem to lean to one side. It couldn't be corrected or I was unwilling to cut the joint apart. In the very end it made no difference in the look of the boat or in its ability to cruise straight ahead. I should have worked with the stringers simultaneously on both sides.

As with my description of the building of the Spoon-drift Kayak, I will leave the details of the construction to the 23 page manual, only spending time on what was unusual about my boat.

A little diversion is necessary here. In addition to my spearheading the boat shop construction, I designed and supervised the construction of two trails bridges and marsh walkways. The first was supported on black locust posts and lumberyard decking while the second one, 235' long, was built totally with locally harvested black locust. I located every stand of black locust in the east end, engaged a hauler who carried the logs to a sawmill and then on to the job site.

While interacting with Mica Marder, who normally was engaged with tree

removal as a new lot was being prepared for construction, I urged him to be sure to set aside any white oak and sassafras he cut down. This resulted in our having fine air dried wood for boats we were building. White oak was our source of rib stock for steam bending while the sassafras had been used for seats and gunnels. It varnishes up to have a warm beautiful appeal.

Back to my Whitehall project. What do you think I turned to for the knees, seats and trim on this boat? Sassafras. The two knees were sawn from stock where large knots had formed enabling me to have natural curves in the knees.

The floorboards are also of sassafras which has been cut in stringers and laid in place as bookmatched. Looking carefully one sees circles with half on one board and the other on the adjacent one. One of the reasons I choose this particular boat had to do with how the 1/4" thick floorboards were threaded through the frames. I selected an oil finish which did the very best job of bringing out the tone of the wood, Kirby Paint Salty Dog Deck Oil. The remainder of the framework had water based Pettit Sea Gold varnish.



The boat is covered with Dacron pulled tight athwartships and stapled along the gunwales. The manual adequately covers this process but I reflect back on the use of hot glue. The use of hot glue for covering a skin on frame boat of similar size is discussed in the October issue of *Messing About in Boats*. If I had read this prior to covering mine I might have had the courage to use it as I had before. The place where it would have been most helpful was in covering the stem.

I was blessed with a grand fall afternoon with light winds and warm weather. I invited my friends and neighbors to join me in this celebration. With many hands the boat was gingerly guided over the bulkhead down 9' to calm waters.



I eased myself aboard, using the technique recommended by the designer, "facing away from the boat one is directed to rest your buttocks on the gunnel, lean back and swivel around to the sitting position facing aft" It worked surprisingly well. Of course, I had a friend steadying the boat as I attempted this strange way of coming aboard. Following that I got to rowing about for some time.



It now came time for the neighbor with children in tow to come aboard to see how well she rowed.



It was a very successful launching, not a drop of water was to be found aboard.

*Messing About in Boats*, February 2021 – 33

# Building a Malibu Outrigger

I am building a Malibu outrigger from a June 1958 *Popular Mechanics* article. I need a full set of plans to save my vision. Any thoughts? My goal is to create an 18'4" Polynesian style outrigger proa type in a cheap quick build for a beach outrigger 2021 update of this old classic. My thoughts were of a Polynesian builder dependent on low cost local materials. I am trying to emphasize big volume construction materials which are readily available at low cost all over America. Sail will be made from tarp material as shown all over the web.

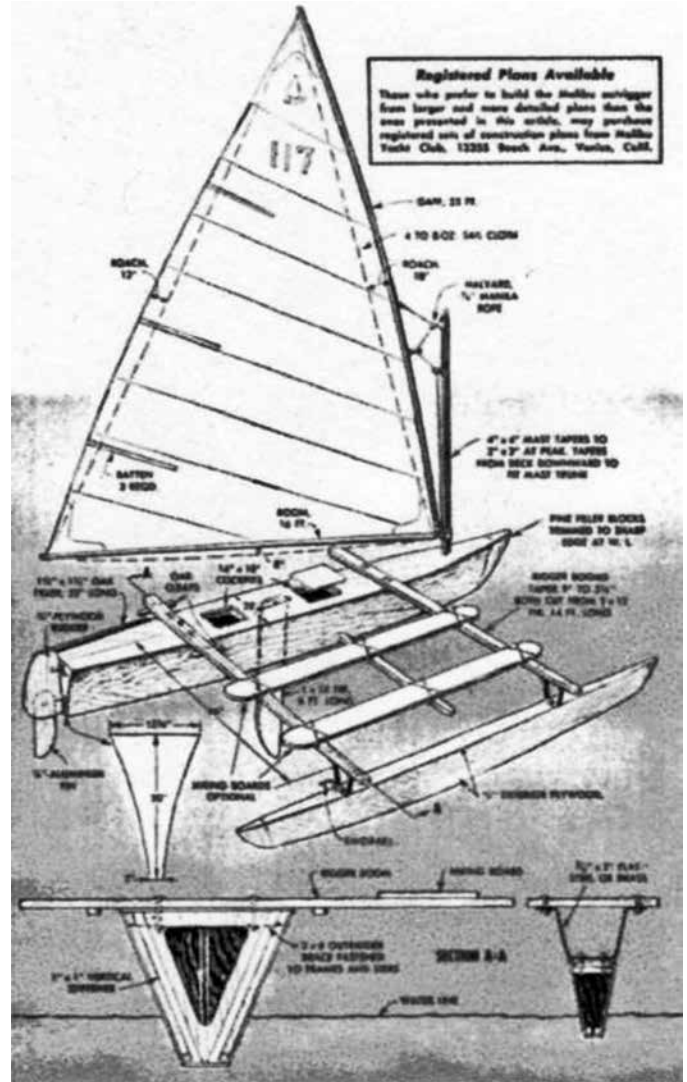
My last boat was a 67' Perry aluminum cutter rigged sloop, the opposite end of the spectrum. I sold it to buy a Princess 60 powerboat. My age of 81 and significant other were motivating factors. Covid got me thinking about Polynesian sailing canoes. I ran across the Malibu tacking outrigger. It seemed to be ideal for some new thinking and weight reduction with 2021 materials. Also having done the upscale route I wanted to see if an exciting sailing craft could be built easily at low cost. Lots of retired people in this country with more time than income.



My approach is a little unconventional. I ordered a 24"x50' roll of aluminum flashing. I am building a ladder like side frame from laminated 6" roof battens. Do you think I could use Gorilla Glue instead of West System Three®? I am using monel staples to attach the aluminum to the frame. It will be slightly stressed like airplane monocoque wing bending forward. The sides will be V-shaped and bottom flat pressure treated plywood. Any thoughts if this approach can work?

Lots of fun innovating unconstrained by traditional boat building methods using Home Depot and Lowe's commercial products. No boat lumber.

Gerry Rosen, Bal Harbor, FL



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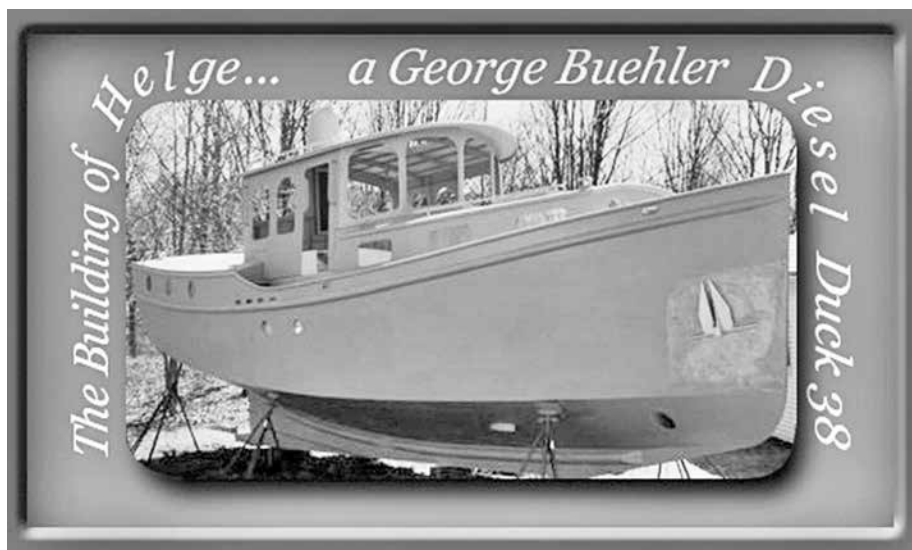
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# The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 18

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



## The Extinguishers

Fearing an electrical fire most, we mounted the engine room fire extinguisher close to our 200 amp Balmar alternator. The extinguisher will automatically deploy at 175°F. The system status light and manual discharge are mounted on the wheelhouse helm chair. The extinguisher is rated at 300cf while the engine room is 288.

We have decided against an automatic engine shutdown as it may prevent a restart following an electrical fire. Our John Deere uses a "normally on" fuel solenoid and a mechanical injection pump. The engine will continue running even with a destroyed or melted electrical harness. The United States Coast Guard requires an automatic shut down if the engine's air consumption exceeds the engine room volume (in one minute's time). Our John Deere 4039D consumes only 160cf/minute which is considerably lower than the engine room volume.

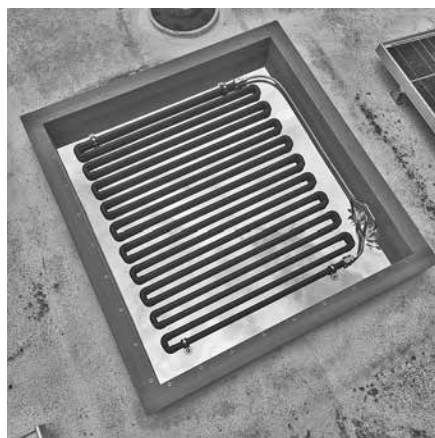
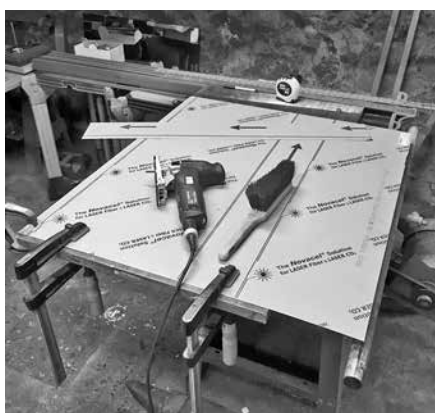
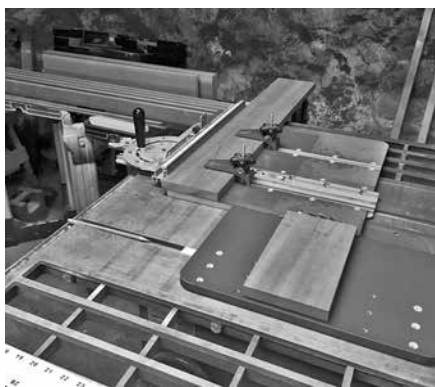
*Helge's* three living spaces are protected by handheld powder extinguishers while the engine room is protected by HFC-227 clean gas.



## The Solar Water Heater

*Helge's* solar water heater resides inside the wheelhouse hatch. Coolant circulates through a thermostatically switched pump powered by a dedicated, unregulated 15W solar panel. The coolant transfer tubing is hidden inside the wheelhouse grab pole. During off seasons the solar heater will be supplemented by our Dickenson stove.

The box is constructed from mahogany and MDO plywood. The heater coil is made from 1/2" copper pipe and 3/8" copper tubing. The coil rests on a polished stainless mirror allowing sun rays to reflect all around. The solar heater is topped with tempered glass and sealed with 3M foam tape. The glass secured by brass angle brackets that allow temperature and moisture movement.

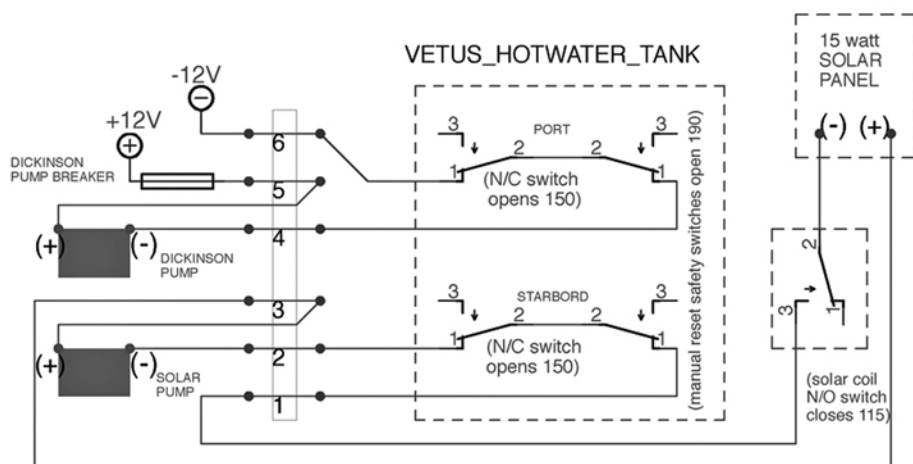


Awaiting installation (after the wheel-house is permanently attached).



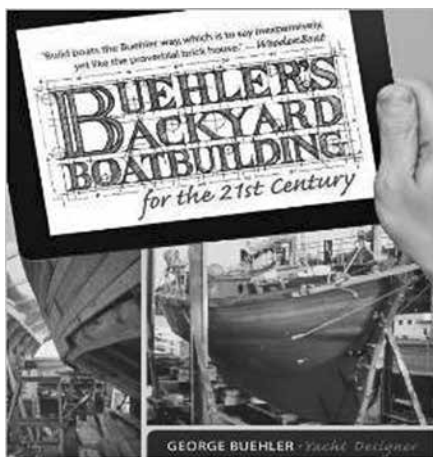


For the occasional overnight guest we installed a sleeping hammock forward.



## The Cargo Nets and Hammock

We slung cargo nets under the aft cabin bunk for linens and wet gear storage.



## The Future Beckons...



Son Tom was here for a visit last year, which is always a joy for us. Tom, now 53, became a grandfather in April so we are now great grandparents for the first time and a second great grandchild is on the way (different parents)! While Tom is here he always helps us with some things which we aren't now able to accomplish by ourselves. We had several projects underway in Part One of this series. We now have completed the sailing rig for our Chuckanut 12, as shown here.



We also completed the trailer which will carry our Chuckanut 12 and our Sawfish 12 foam kayaks to nearby TVA lakes, of which there are several to choose from. This 4' trailer was built from a kit from Harbor Freight with a 7' tongue extension made of 3"x3"x1/8" steel tubing to accommodate these light but long boats.



## Chuckanut 12 Sailing Rig Part Two

By Jim Brown



Before Tom left we did get both kayaks mounted on the trailer and tested the towing, first on local roads, up to 55mph, and later on I-75 at up to 75mph. The trailer towed perfectly and the kayaks were well tied down.



Recently both Carole and I were diagnosed with heart problems. We had intended to sail both the Trifoam 16 and launch the two kayaks while Tom was visiting but this development in our lives meant that he had to return home before either sailings could take place.

We had been praying earnestly for Carole's surgery to either not be required or, if required, that it would result in her restoration to be able to do the things she so much enjoys. Her surgery was required and I settled into the waiting room with a new book by

Jonathan Cahn, *The Harbinger II*. The contemplated procedure had not been required so a less intrusive one was done, she did well enough in recovery so could go home the same day, an answer to our prayers and she is doing fine.

Son Tom and his family were coming down for Thanksgiving and wanted to try out this boat while they were here. To make that event possible, I decided to go ahead with making a rudder for the Chuckanut 12 and ordered two sets of gudgeons for double ended boats from Duckworks. Excellent service, received in only two days!

Being a skin-on-frame kayak, there is scant structure to which to fasten the rudder and kickup feature securely. There were a lot of possible interferences in that stern area, with stringers terminating in the same area where hinges and support straps are needed, so I sketched out some stuff to try and avoid future problems.

Fortunately, when I built the Chuckanut 12 using the paper patterns sent by Dave Gentry, I transferred the paper patterns to some cheap ply I had on hand and made wooden patterns of all the parts, including the stern piece, so I could most efficiently use the good meranti I had purchased as I had originally planned to build two Chuckanut 12s. Therefore, I had a perfect piece to layout the critical curve of the existing stern. If you don't have such a pattern, do not despair, just hold a piece of cardboard alongside the stern and trace around it.

An unfortunate necessity of this project was to do some surgery on the polyester covering in order to gain access to the stern structure and be able to solidly mount this rudder assembly. This done, it was just a matter of avoiding other parts with hinges and mounting straps. To be sure to properly align the hinges, I bought a piece of 1/4" rod at the Farm Store to make sure the alignment was perfect. Cutting out all the parts and mounting the hinges and support straps before finishing saved a lot of grief.

The following pix show the surgery on the stern fabric and all the wood parts stained, varnished and ready to install. The rudder stock is different from the sketches as I later had to trim the upper part off so that the push pull steering rod would work properly.





Below is the rudder fin with all the hardware installed. That stainless stuff has really gotten expensive but I found it much less so at the Blue Store than at the local Farm Store. Also shown is the rudder fin with new 10oz polyester installed, heat shrunk and coated with some Flex-Seal clear liquid I had on hand. I also added a polyester strip between the keel and the rudder stock to eliminate a possible source of leaks. It will be interesting to see whether paint will stick to the rubbery Flex-Seal!



In all these pix I show the starboard side where only the heads of the machine screws show. The port side where the nuts and some protruding bolts show doesn't look as neat. I had intended to cut off the protruding bolts with a cutoff disc in my Dremel Tool but got ahead of myself and neglected to do so until the fabric was already on.

It turned out that the Rustoleum enamel sort of stuck to the Flex-Seal but took a long time to dry, like a couple of weeks. If I had to

do this again I would not use the Flex-Seal if I intended to paint over it with enamel.

I had intended to use rudder pedals but found that in this kayak there is not enough room under the deck to press the pedals with my size 14 feet, or even with Carole's size 7s. So I will resort to a push pull stick as I did on the Trifoam 16. To make sure the stick will clear the leeboard assembly, I installed the leeboards and the rudder assemblies as shown below.



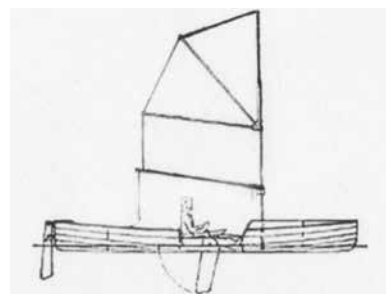
I had a nice  $\frac{1}{2}'' \times \frac{3}{8}''$  stick of oak, just the right length, installed an eye bolt to the coaming and it all cleared nicely beneath the leeboard assembly.

At Thanksgiving, much of the family gathered for a dual celebration of Turkey Day and my 87th birthday. Tom got here in time to help me finish up the last few details on the kayak. We scouted the best launching spots

on nearby Lake Clark, part of the Tennessee River, and found that the water levels had been lowered as usual this time of year, to a point where a launch was not feasible. I am sorry to report that launching will have to be delayed until spring, perhaps as late as May.

The completed kayak was taken off the saw horses and loaded on the trailer beside the foam Sawfish 12 for a long winter's rest. I apologize for not being able to report on the results of this project but I promise to do so when that happy occasion occurs. I do leave you with this pix of four generations of the "Brown Boys" (me, son Tom, grandson Daniel and great-grandson Cameron).

Faire Winds my friends!



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A few years back Perry Kratsas published an article here in *MAIB*, "Building the Wee Penny Canoe." The article caught my attention. It included many photos of the building process and the canoe ended up looking fine in my eyes. What intrigued me about the project was that it was simply designed and made of 1/8" doorskin plywood (1 1/2 sheets) and a few scantlings.

I had similarly been smitten enough with Robert W. Sparks' "Swamp Yankee" canoe plans to build it some years before. What intrigued me with that design was, again, the use of inexpensive doorskin plywood, but also the simplicity of the pattern. When the shape was cut out the sections bent and edges joined the boat took on elegant curves and shapes, forms resulting from the symbiosis of the pattern and the inherent physics in the bending properties of the thin plywood.

Kratsas' canoe presented even more elegance of form and simplicity and it had an added romantic attraction for me. In terms of one aspect of its construction it was much like a birch bark canoe. The upper frame group consisting of the inwales, thwarts and small decks was fabricated as a unit and the sides of the canoe were then brought up from the bottom plane to meet it at the sheer (with gores taken in the sides). This design also avoided the hard chine and "V" bottom of the Swamp Yankee (the "V" bottom was problematic for me in our shallow Texas Hill Country streams).

I thought I might construct the Wee Penny and so ordered the plans from Kratsas. The 18 page 8 1/2"x11" set of plans was simple enough with clearly articulated hand-drawn drawings and logical, easy to follow instructions. It was going to be inexpensive enough except for the epoxy and fiberglass, doorskin meranti plywood was about \$10 per sheet and the gunwales, thwarts and breast hooks could be made from scrap. It would be

## An Intriguing Canoe Design and Construction Method

By Kent Rush

an inexpensive but interesting trial build. But then I sat on the plans for a few years and forgot about them until I, for some reason, pulled them out again in the fall of 2019.

The build has been a very intriguing one. It, like the Swamp Yankee, was made from 1 1/2 sheets of 1/8" plywood, but in this case the two sheets did not have to be scarfed together. One of the first of many clever design elements was that the joining was accomplished by the canoe floorboard/stiffener panel. The main function of the stiffener is to provide the necessary strength, rigidity and durability for the boat bottom. The panel is an 8' elliptically shaped piece of the same plywood glued flat and centered along the longitudinal centerline of the plywood and also centered within the 12' length. The floorboard panel overlaps both butted sections (full sheet and half sheet) of plywood uniting them with the overlap (the floorboard acts as a butt block).

This operation, however, as one can see, leaves a cleft between the two panels from the edges of the floorboard on out to the outside edges of the panel. Not to worry, these clefts merely become one of six pairs of gores ("darts" in sewing) cut from the sheer down to the stiffener. Quite ingenious, effective and efficient.

The floorboard provides a third, sophisticated function in the construction. As the side sections are bent and brought from the double thick bottom up to the sheer, the physics of the bending plywood, as the stress is lessened from the stiffened bottom creates a fair, complex and elegant curve to the sides.

This graceful curve, which creates a very traditional cross section, is accomplished without the use of forms.

Another intriguing aspect of this design is that almost all of the plywood is utilized. Only the plywood corners at the cutwater and a few square inches along the sheer go to waste.

Other notable design aspects are the simple method for creating the 1/2" rocker in the bottom and also the use of a Spanish windlass to bow the necessary curve into the top trim unit before it is lowered into the upturned fore and aft stem end sections.

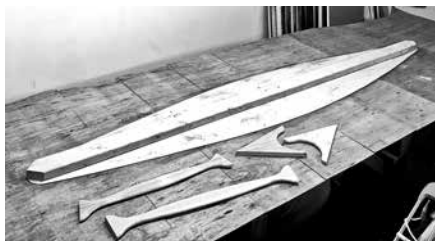
The finished boat has a very friendly and wholesome shape. It is boxy, buxom and roomy with a 12" sheer amidships. It is extremely volumetric compared with my other 11'-12' solo canoes.

I finished it in July or August of this year but haven't taken it out for its maiden voyage as yet. I recently added a seat (not needed in my other canoes with less freeboard and not part of the plans). I felt it was needed as the boat has a high sheer and will most likely need to be propelled with a single paddle.

I will be intrigued to see how it handles. I am hoping that with it having a seat (as opposed to sitting in the bottom) my back will last a bit longer over the course of a day. It might also be more comfortable to cast and fish from with my seat higher than my feet.

A few questions remain, will the 1/8" plywood sides plus fiberglass stand up to the unavoidable knocking and banging into rocks from our Class I and II rapids here on Hill Country streams? Will I have to be patching it regularly? Will it be tippy? Will I have to lower the seat? How will it track without a keel? How will it handle in the fast water?

I'll let you know once I get it on the water. Many thanks and congratulations to Perry G. Kratsas for an inspired design and unique construction method.



Plywood sheet trimmed and gores cut.

Gluing floor stiffener onto doorskin.



Gunwale frame resting on trimmed plywood.

Fore and aft panels raised up to gunwales.



Side panels raised up to gunwales.



Bottom showing fiberglassed gores.





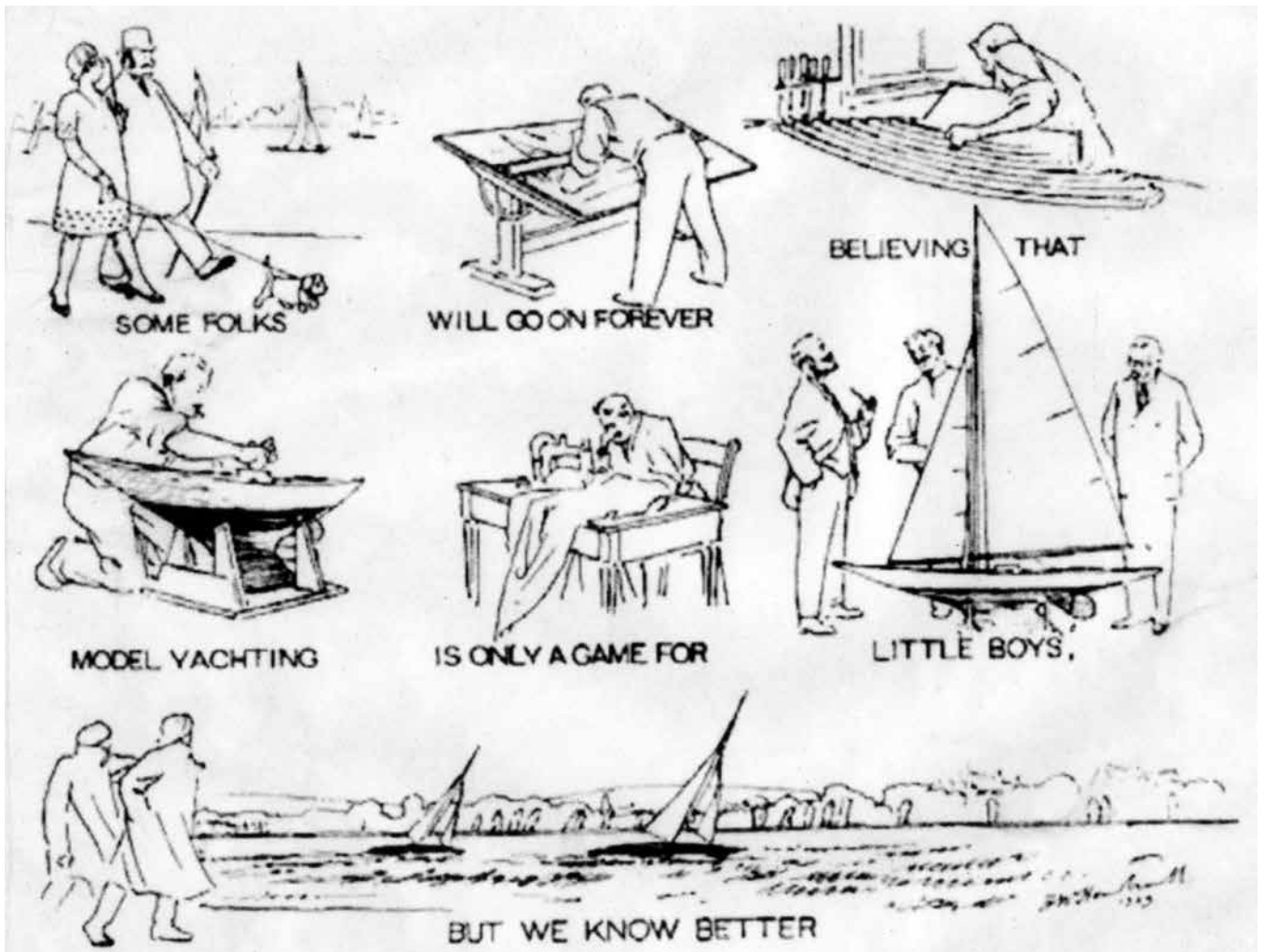


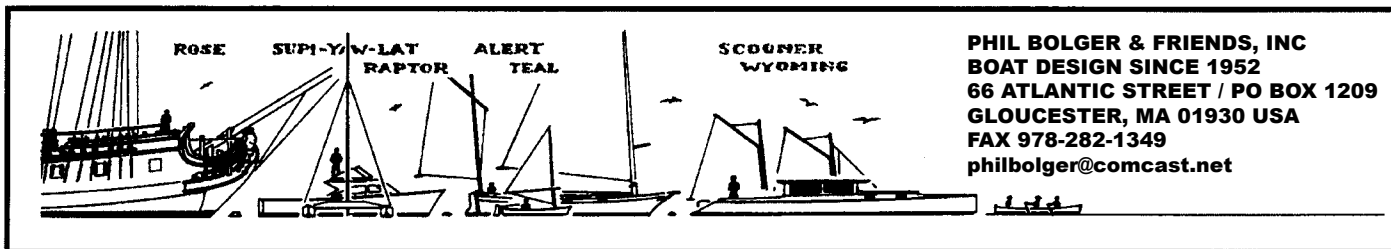
Full frontal hull curvature.



Finished canoe without seat.

## Model Yachting is Only a Game for Little Boys?





## Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #556 in *MAIB*

Design #5-57 "Egg Harbor 31"

31'0"x11'0"x 2'6"x 2x 125hp Gasoline Inboard Engines x 21knots

Displacement 9,000lbs

Yes, we looked at her in the November 2019 issue, pages 48-51, visiting her during her restoration with a fair amount of minor structural and a good amount of cosmetic work left to be done to once again share her with the world. The March 2018 discussion on pages 48-50 had been triggered by one of the owners offering a fine image of her on her river mooring not too far from the shores of Massachusetts Bay. And that piece was in part based on Phil's recollections on designing her here in *MAIB* on pages 28-29 of the January 15, 2004 issue. So this is the fourth piece on her.

Why this focus? As you zoom in on a shot or two in this piece you'll notice on her the Massachusetts Boat Registration MS1959EH, in essence a vanity plate as "Massachusetts 1959 Egg Harbor." That makes her now over 61 years this year, one of about 110 hulls with varying layouts built. Not sure how many of these hulls survive and in what state. For more on this design and the history of this hull, look back at those earlier discussions.

As touched on in that last piece, this one is pretty much original, as in matching numbers in the parlance of auto restorers and collectors, all complete and, indeed, not modified. The project had been unexpectedly extended much farther into the future due to one of life's tragedies. But now restored to full functionality and to that inimitable visual dignity of the type of this design era, she would be launched into the middle of the covid 19 pandemic, no matter what.

So in this mid winter issue of *MAIB* we get to see the fruits of all that labor as a promise of what we'll all be doing more of again this year of 2021 after we've rebuilt the full spectrum of routines in our lives. Consider this report and images as a boost to our determination to get on with things.

The two younger men pictured were born after *Ruffler* had joined the family, essentially grew up with the joys, and indeed the chores, of owning this coastal cruiser. Across all these decades the guiding philosophy of their parents appears to have been one of regular maintenance, then avoiding following fashionable shenanigans, instead pursuing the interest of keeping her original, meaning she is as she was, a coherent exercise as intended by Phil and by the Egg Harbor boat builders and sales folks two generations ago.

So, as reported in in the November 2019 article, alongside their father they have played increasing roles in the rebuilding of her and will see to her well being well into the future, it seems. She has retained her shape, has not seen her varnished exterior surfaces buried

under refrigerator white coats of paint, with even the smoothness of her planking above the waterline barely suggesting the natural flow of her planking, more of an affirmation that she is indeed a wooden boat. Even that Egg Harbor name script is still there. Unfortunately that neither their mother nor designer Phil could see this relaunching of the boat into her 62nd year but, as the cliché states, that is life. Let the images tell the story with just a few remarks attached to each:



#1. As so many times before, here again her face as you enter the shed, however, now freshened up for beyond the foreseeable future. Hard to tell in the black and white format of *MAIB*, but since this family took possession of her, her hull color has been a very light blue, a personal custom mix by the father, produced by hand for this maintenance cycle as well.



#3. In the light of a beautiful sunny day with a few puffy clouds sailing by for good measure, she at long last gets to show off again.



#2. What is always an impressive display of stout variable boat trailer technology and the driver's skill set, this launching begins with the hydraulic trailer carefully lifting and then cradling her for a few at times rather swift road miles. A long pole helped get that roll up shed door to be higher yet to clear her wheelhouse top without scratching that fresh paint.



#4. And here the team of owners/operators/restorers, beginning to reap the rewards due upon what they've done to restore her good looks. Naturally they take it for granted that she is the best looking cruiser on their stretch of coastline and who is to argue?!



#5. The boat hauler has selected his route and one of the three follows in that truck with me taking a few shots through my car's windshield at their speed.



#6. Even for those familiar with the routines of moving a substantial boat by commercial hauler, launching her can be a mix of excitement to soon see her afloat again, worries about what might have been forgotten to do on the hull to keep that water out and, again, a sense of admiration for the guys doing this line of work fast and precisely, here the preparations for the launching.



#7. Once the trailer is on the slope of the launching ramp, its front wheels get extended to carry part of that load now just before the trailer gets disconnected from the tractor, only held by a steel cable paying out carefully via that cabled remote control box while gravity pulls trailer and boat into the water. While the tractor sitting level and dry will not lose traction on that slippery ramp, the boat begins to float off the trailer's hydraulic supports. Here we see one more time how sharp and deep that Egg Harbor 31's forefoot really is.



#8. Afloat and a proud sight for the owners on this lovely sunny day in early August 2020.



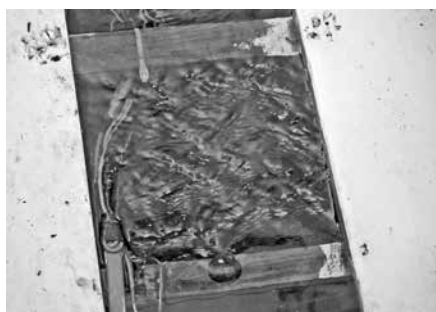
#9. And to complete the effect, under a passing cloud the stylish period correct signal mast gets put up immediately. No GPS pods, comm antennae or anything else she did not have in 1959. Her sport fishing outriggers will be slid into those original mounts once she is all set to run.



#10. Her face afloat, what you'd expect. Except that even head on it is unarguable that she has already gone down 3"-4" in just a few minutes despite her standard bilge pumps doing their best.



#11. Good thing that someone thought of bringing that portable gasoline powered pump just in case. After seven years of living under her shed roof, well dried out despite that beautiful wooden boat correct dirt floor and even with quite a few gallons put into her bilges days before launching, she'll need keeping an eye on for a bit as she begins to take up again fully afloat. Upon months of heated shop time for her first refit and a few alterations, Phil's 48' *Resolution* took over a day of careful watching before she could be left unattended without harm.



#12. Yes, the water under the cockpit is already covering the floor timbers.



#13. To not have her make the news with an undignified challenge at the very public launching ramp in town, three pumps are doing their work to keep her out of trouble, two inside the boat and that big portable one pushing the water out well on the other side of the floats. To the uninitiated coming down this gangway seeing this, this might appear alarming but that is what it takes for an hour or four. Nothing that these three had not done or seen before. Laid up for seven years, who would be in prime shape to immediately start moving about as usual?



#14. The business end of her wheelhouse looks even nicer now, now that she is out of the twilight of the shop.



#15. And headed down into the cabin, were it not for the floorboard up to check on that pumping we could make ourself right at home the way this family had done for decades aboard her.



#16. Without formally asking permission to come aboard, the third generation boat owner has made a first appearance on this special day.

The young one may be studying those lovely varnished battens holding up the wheelhouse headliner but has no idea yet what it will take to eventually give these another going over down the line. Just observing what is happening, feeding the growing brain with all sorts of new stuff, apparently quite relaxed even without a first swimming lesson, fully trusting those first found by eye and touch.



#17. If you had not seen the damage rain-water had done to the waterways and cabin and wheelhouse mahogany in the November 2019 article on her, you'd never guess what it had taken to repair all that discouraging mess to look and work this well again. By summer of 2020 she has enough patina to not be mistaken for a newly built pretender to that Egg Harbor 31 name.



#18. All that work and all that original hardware down to her type plate on her aft quarters now kept afloat for a few hours longer

by that gasoline pump. No, we would not start up her engines as long as she is not tight again as that vibration might even open a further seam at this stage. Instead, later that day, while I was back on the road to Gloucester again, she was gently towed by a skiff to a safe location as she slowly got ready to fully be a boat in the water again. No need to rush her after this long time high and dry.

As I wrote in that last piece on her Phil, having designed her in 1957, would and should be gratified to still find her in decent shape over six decades later, clearly loved by certifiable boat nuts/ever so mobile nautical art aficionados, here dealing with an exceedingly rare piece, making a limited series 500 copies only bespoke sports car look much less remarkable.

And as I also optimistically stated back then, I still look forward to seeing her this year striking this pose with a 60+ years old set of aesthetic choices, first by Phil's eyes via India Ink on vellum, then with paper copies on the shop floor at Egg Harbor rendered by those boat builders in 3D this hard to hide piece of public art, with furniture quality woodgrain varnished, along with contrasting elements of paint, hardware, folks aboard and flags, perhaps a dog (make that a baby!), all good to do 20 knots at will and that for many decades already and into the future.

Seems highly likely that, as before already, she will attract the eyes of a lot of boaters out there, an apparition from a long time ago and yet looking fresh, bright, smooth, distinctive. One could dream up a fine Victory Tour itinerary lasting well beyond 2021.

That tour, shorter or longer, or better yet in segments for a good number of cruises, is highly likely to happen now that she is afloat again. I project that again since I was lucky enough to be invited to see her in early November 2020. And this time she got to show off her good looks and civilized demeanor at wide open throttle. That in the next issue.

Egg Harbor Yachts began with humble beginnings in 1946 with three entrepreneurial young men building 14' rowboats. Ted Haggas was the designer living in Egg Harbor, N.J., the soon to be the namesake of the company. He was the designer of the then-popular Jersey Sea Skiff. Soon the team launched a 28' boat designed by Haggas under the new company name Egg Harbor Boat Company.



The natural inlets of the South Jersey coast, where currents scoured the channels and ocean waves crashed through unchecked,

proved to be an ideal testing ground for those early models.

Egg Harbor Yacht was supposed to be part of the proud tale of the rebirth of New Jersey's boat-building industry since the repeal of the federal luxury tax in 1993. But the company went through a succession of ownership and management changes during and after its emergence from Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection in 1992.





"The battery blew up!" my friend said at a boating meeting we attended. "I ran the charger until all was charged and turned on the engine switch." This can happen when you are charging a flooded marine battery in the boat and there is not enough circulation to remove the hydrogen gas that is sometimes generated when doing a "high" charge on a battery, as well as the battery physically heating up from the charging action. In his case, the boat was in the backyard and little damage was done to him or the boat as the battery locker was open and the force of the explosion was funneled upward. If he had waited a few minutes to turn on the ignition key there would probably not have been a problem. While I am familiar with the "old" batteries, a lot of the newer ones require different charging procedures and one should read the instructions carefully before taking any action with them.

I have written in the past about the use of checklists to make sure everything is covered before continuing with the activity. The approach emphasized by my flight instructor was to say each item on the list aloud rather than just glancing at the list. That way you made sure you had actually checked the item on the list. It always seemed a bit of extra effort but, when done, one did know that all the necessary items had actually been looked at and verified. I used the same approach when going out on one of our boats. Each boat was different and had a different checklist. You may think that such an approach when boating is a bit much until you put the boat in gear and find that one of the stern lines is still attached to cleat on the pier.

A tugboat skipper had a bad day when circumstances pushed his tug into a mud



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

bank on his port side and the two barges strapped to the starboard side of the tugboat broke their lines and continued downstream. The lead barge struck a pier, sank a boat and pivoted, moving the following barge into the current and it broke loose and ended up broadside to a railroad bridge further downstream. The tugboat captain's insurance package covered his legal representation with the federal authorities, the civil suits that ensued and covered his paycheck for the 30 day suspension he received.

I have no idea what such an insurance package would cost but I do know what the insurance on our Sisu 26 was before we donated it to a charity (\$667.57 in 2013). That is a lot of money but the yacht policy covered the agreed value of the vessel, investigative services, commercial assistance, P&I (\$100,000 coverage), fuel spill liability (\$854,400), workman's comp, medical payments, personal effects and uninsured boater (\$100,000). My cruising limits were "US and Canada Coastal and Inland Waters." Given the coverage, I considered the cost well worth the money.

Every year, Florida has hunters drowning. While a few are deer hunters moving by small boat to their hunting area, most are duck hunters on the lakes and rivers of the state.

The hunters fall overboard or their small boats sink and they are in the cold water without life jackets. With all the clothing they are wearing, they drown. While they are required to have a PFD on board, the PFD is usually "available" but seldom worn. With the new inflatable PFDs that can be worn under the outer jacket, I hope to see fewer fatalities reported.

Hypothermia is another aspect of going in the water while hunting. A sailing friend of mine always wore his PFD when in a canoe/small boat moving to a hunting site. One time the canoe turned over in knee deep water. He and his friend were not in danger of drowning but they were soaked. After getting the rifles and gear out of the muddy bottom, he built a fire using what dry wood he could find and his "handy fire starter" (a tightly closed bottle of kerosene and a couple of strike anywhere matches covered with candle wax). After they got warm and changed into dry clothes (carried in a dry bag), they put the fire out, reloaded the canoe and came home. No hunting that day.

On a different tack, have you ever needed to jump start a battery on a boat to get the engine started? As noted above, the newer batteries have to be handled differently than the old style batteries and this can include jump starting. I carried a set of heavy duty jumper cables on the boat just in case. For me, it was attach the positive cable to the positive side of the battery and the negative cable to the engine to bypass the bad battery and get the current flowing to the starter. I am not sure about today's batteries but I do know that the newer cars require a different configuration to start the engine. Oh, the joys of "improved" technology!

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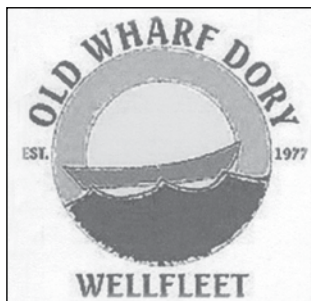


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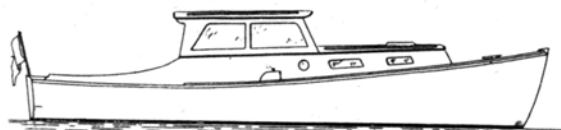
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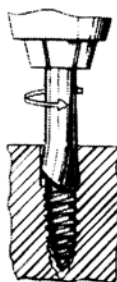
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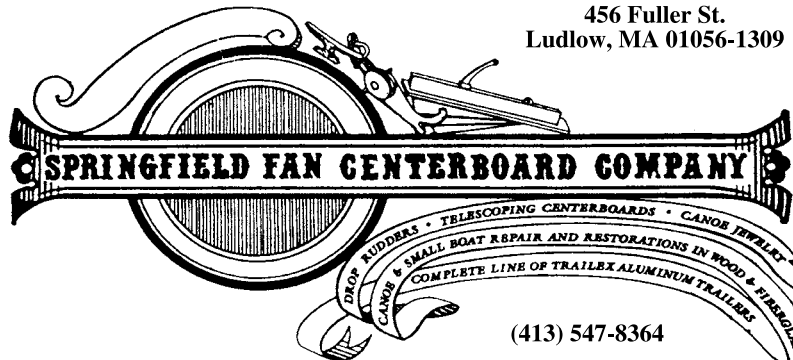
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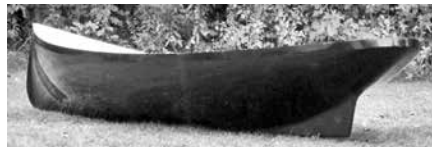
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**Used Klepper Double Sea Kayak**, w/homemade fabric hull. Used on MITA. Asking \$430. Shipping extra.  
JOHN M. ROBERTS, Richmond, VA, Lv message @ (804) 329-6879. (2)

**'02 Pacific Seacraft Dana 24**, hull #316. 1 owner, cutter rigged sloop, Yanmar Diesel. On the hard @ Shattemuc YC, Ossining, NY. Photos & specs on request.  
DOUGLAS O. MAASS, [dougmaass@gmail.com](mailto:dougmaass@gmail.com). (3)

## BOATS WANTED

**Wooden Super Sailfish**, to restore. Located in central NY.  
JOHN LIMMER, [jlimmer@newark.edu](mailto:jlimmer@newark.edu) (3)

## GEAR FOR SALE



**Honda BF2.0 Outboard**, 4-cycle air cooled gasoline engine (no mixing of fuel required) w/15" leg. Has spent most of its life in indoor heated storage. Greg's outboard of Old Saybrook, CT just tuned her up, a new carburetor, fuel line and is running perfectly. Around 10 hours on it. Fuel tank is internal she barely sips fuel, currently fueled with Tru-Fuel 95 octane for seasonal storage. Centrifugal clutch so is in neutral at idle, propeller engages when the engine rpms are increased above idle. All works as it should. Currently on a stand at my office, glad to demonstrate, first \$450 takes it, my new boat requires a 20" leg so this little gem needs a new transom to call home.  
TONY DELIMA, (860) 772-8870, [Tony@forte-carbon.com](mailto:Tony@forte-carbon.com) (2)

**3 Antique Mahogany Tableleafs**, 54"x23"x3/4" originally from RI Governor's Mansion early 1870s. Dead flat, from single plank apparently (no visible seams). Faded finish, undamaged surface. Came down through family from great grandfather, an artist patronized by Governor Sprague's wife, Kate, who was daughter of Lincoln's Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase in Civil War. A 4th one was made into lovely sailing yacht table years ago by a friend. I have no plans for them now so maybe someone can make good use of them. \$50 each, cannot ship, must be picked up.  
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com) (2)

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One of the pleasures of owning this company is gathering in the stories our customers send us. Usually they come in the form of e-mailed photos. A too-curious bear at camp during a week-long trip in Sitka Sound; a whale bearing down upon a customer's boat...neither the whale nor the bear having any ill effect.....other than a sharp ramp up in heart rate. There have been the wedding photos....and the disaster photos.... Hurricane Rita nearly sawing a boat in half. It was well-secured.... but there was the sawing-action of 1/2" rope cutting back and forth, through the gunwales and half of

the hull. Could we fix it? Yes, as a matter of fact we could. There was the boat duct-taped back together after a tree crushed it in the Boundary Waters in Northern Minnesota, could we fix that? No, sorry. But we could sell them a replacement boat at a discount.

To continue the story from last month. A dad was paddling his kayak in Puget Sound when a boat similar to the one below went whipping by. He eventually caught the boat and asked the owner what it was. The owner told him and the dad called our shop to order one for his son, an army captain who would be returning from Iraq. We were to deliver the boat to the captain's wife on our next trip west. Then, a few days later, we came into the shop and saw another order on the board, same last name, same boat, even the same options. We called and said, "We think you may have ordered too many boats." "Oh, why is that?" We explained and she explained that her husband had a twin and they were always doing "mirror things."

They never discussed our boats at all. This boat was delivered as promised. We hung it from hooks in the garage. A curious thing about the boat in the photo was....a sliding seat AND a shotgun? We



imagined him pulling the trigger and being slid from one end of the boat to the other. No, it was explained. This was a motor-less lake. And you couldn't go out onto the water until 6 a.m. BUT he wanted to get to the best location on the lake. Hence the sliding seat, to get there first. Then he'd remove the sliding seat and set his decoys. Send an e-mail and we'll send you a color picture of this boat. And also a DVD and brochure, if you like.